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# Highways and Byways of Florida



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TORONTO





*On an East Coast beach*



HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS  
OF  
FLORIDA

HUMAN INTEREST  
INFORMATION FOR  
TRAVELLERS IN FLORIDA;  
AND FOR THOSE OTHER  
TRAVELLERS WHO ARE  
KEPT AT HOME BY CHANCE  
OR NECESSITY, BUT WHO  
JOURNEY FAR AND WIDE  
ON THE WINGS OF FANCY

WRITTEN BY  
CLIFTON JOHNSON  
FULLY ILLUSTRATED

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AMERICAN  
HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

FLORIDA

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## Introductory Note

This book is an attempt to include in readable form all the human interest information concerning Florida that the space will permit. I have sought for what is characteristic and significant in nature and in history, in the observations of travelers present and past, in commercial and industrial enterprise on land and sea, and for that which is illuminating and entertaining in literature, legend, and humor.

It has been my custom to supply the illustrations for my travel books with my own camera, and I had intended to make photographs for this Florida book as usual. But our part in the World War interfered with my plans. I walked out on a wharf at a Gulf port in quest of camera material and soon found myself arrested as a suspected German spy. For two days and a night I was behind prison bars. When I was released, the official prediction was that I would have further disagreeable experiences of the sort if I persisted in my purpose to make photographs, and I decided to gather the illustrations in other ways.

Later the old saying that "Misfortunes never come singly" was corroborated when a fire at the engravers destroyed most of the pictures I had secured, and I had to collect material anew.

I am grateful to those mentioned below for the illustrations which appear opposite the pages listed:

- United States Forest Service, 97, 110, 143, 173, 212, 213, 220, 221.  
United States Geological Survey, 100.  
Florida East Coast Railway, 76, 81, 96, 132, 153, 164, 193.  
Seaboard Air Line Railway, Frontispiece, 16, 17, 49, 80, 140, 141, 165.  
Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, 209.  
Agwi Steamship News, 48, 64, 65, 69, 99, 152, 208, 245.  
Charleston Chamber of Commerce, 244.  
A. D. Copeland, of Springfield, Mass., 68.  
W. J. Harris, 22, 26, 32, 33; from a very serviceable and well-illustrated copyrighted St. Augustine booklet.  
A. W. Dimock, 142, from Mr. Dimock's "Book of the Tarpon"; 172, from his "Florida Enchantments."

Places and other features of Florida are often lent an additional attraction by their names. Many of these names have an Indian origin and are not only appropriate in their significance but strikingly melodious. Others smack of the pioneer period, or at least of a rude unconventionalism. Some supply almost excuse enough in themselves for inclusion in the text, and I regret that I did not find place in my chapters for such as the Sopchoppy River, a tributary of the Ochlockonee, and for Hogtown, where the first blood was shed in the Seminole War near Miccosukee.

CLIFTON JOHNSON.

Hadley, Mass.

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# Highways and Byways of Florida



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## I

### PONCE DE LEON AND FERNANDO DE SOTO

**A**MONG the sturdy New World explorers of the sixteenth century was Ponce de Leon, who, as a companion of Columbus on his second voyage to the Western Hemisphere, proved himself to be a brave and gallant officer. Most of his time for many years afterward was spent in the New World, exploring, seeking gold, governing provinces, and parleying with the Indians, or fighting them. By the time he was fifty he had amassed wealth enough to make him independent, and he returned to Spain.

At length this bold mariner felt the infirmities of age and the shadows of the decline of life hanging over him, and he willingly credited the tale that in the mysterious land beyond the sea there existed a spring whose waters could efface the marks of time and confer immortal youth on whoever bathed in it. The spring was said to be in a region which abounded in gold and all manner of desirable things. A considerable number of Cuban Indians had gone north from their island in

search of this delectable country and its magic spring. They had never returned. No doubt they had succeeded in their quest, and had preferred to remain in their rejuvenated state to enjoy the felicities of that land.

So the gallant cavalier, Ponce de Leon, sailed from Spain to Porto Rico, where he fitted out three vessels and embarked in them to seek the fountain of youth. March 27, 1513, he came within sight of Florida, and after hovering along the coast for a fortnight he went on shore a little south of the mouth of the St. Johns River. There a cross was planted, the royal banner was thrown to the breeze, and he took possession of the country for the Spanish crown. He called it *Terra de Pascua Florida*, Land of Easter Flowers. The name is supposed to refer in part to the time of his discovery, and in part to the abounding spring flowers that he saw and scented.

For a month and a half after landing, Ponce de Leon engaged in an earnest search for the magic fountain. There are a score of springs in Florida which might impress an ignorant or credulous observer with the idea of supernatural virtues. But none of the springs in which the gallant cavalier bathed served his purpose, and he finally sailed away without having grown either younger or handsomer. However, though he failed to find the fountain of youth, he gave Florida its name and perpetuated his own by his romantic quest.

In the year 1521 Ponce de Leon again voyaged to

Florida. His fancy had been stirred by the brilliant exploits of Hernando Cortes in Mexico, and it seemed to him not unlikely that Florida might contain vast unknown regions of marvelous wealth in its bosom which would yield their discoverer fame and riches. About four hundred men accompanied him in two ships, and he carried along a number of sheep, cattle, and horses. He wanted to learn whether Florida was an island, as he was inclined to believe, and he planned to establish a settlement. It is probable that he explored the west coast northward, and that stops were made at various places. But no sooner did he and his men begin to build habitations than they were assailed by the Indians with remarkable valor. Several of the Spaniards were slain, and Ponce de Leon was wounded in the thigh by a flint arrow. He was borne on board his ship, and the two vessels sailed to Cuba, where he died soon afterward. His body was carried to Porto Rico and entombed in one of the churches of the city of San Juan. The epitaph inscribed on his tomb was to the purport that "In this sepulcher rest the bones of a man who was a lion by name and still more by nature."

In 1539 the conquest of the Florida peninsula was attempted by Fernando de Soto, who had taken a leading part with Pizarro in conquering Peru. He went to Peru a needy adventurer, but his exploits had made him famous and rich. When it was known that he was to engage in this Florida enterprise, cavaliers, soldiers,

peasants, and artisans hastened to volunteer their services. Many sold or mortgaged their estates to buy an interest in the expedition. Some had seen with their own eyes the shiploads of gold and silver that had been brought from the New World, and no one seemed to doubt that success was assured. The seven large ships and three caravels that presently sailed away toward the setting sun made the finest fleet that ever left Spain to cross the Atlantic.

De Soto went first to Cuba, where he added two more ships to his squadron, then turned northward, and on the 25th day of June sailed into Tampa Bay and dropped anchor. He had with him six hundred and twenty men, gallant and well equipped, eager in purpose, and audacious in hope. De Soto declared that the enterprise was undertaken for God alone. Certainly this devout marauder did not neglect the spiritual welfare of the Indians whom he had come to plunder; for besides fetters to bind them and bloodhounds to hunt them, he brought priests and monks to save their souls.

After several days spent in exploring the waterways of the vicinity three hundred soldiers landed and raised the Spanish flag and royal arms on the beach. At nightfall, when supper had been eaten, the soldiers stretched themselves on the ground around the standard of their king and slept. But just before the gray hour of dawn there burst from the silent black forest a tumult of cries and yells, leaping savage forms, and a



flight of arrows. The Spaniards, overwhelmed and confused, ran in helpless terror down the beach and out into the water, whence their trumpets sent clamorous calls to the ships for aid. Barges quickly brought reinforcements, and the savages were driven back into the forest.

The Indians made no further demonstration, and a few days later the Spaniards marched ten miles to a deserted native village on the site of the present city of Tampa. The village consisted of a single row of low wooden cabins, thatched with palmetto. On a mound at one end was the cabin of the chief, and opposite, on another mound, was a temple bearing the wooden effigy of a fowl. De Soto with his staff took possession of the chief's cabin, the officers established themselves in the other cabins, and the soldiers tore down the temple and combined the fragments with brush to make rude shelters for themselves. The ground was cleared of trees and shrubbery for the distance of a crossbow shot on every side, sentinels were posted, and horsemen were ordered to make regular rounds.

Scouting squads captured a few straggling natives to serve the expedition for guides, but the captives were of little use without interpreters. Gradually, however, De Soto managed to understand from them that he was in the village of their chief, Hirrihigua, and that they had all taken refuge in the forest at the approach of the Spaniards. The captives were sent to the chief with friendly messages and presents, but he railed at

them for bringing him fair words and gifts from Christians. He told them to bring him the Spaniards' heads instead.

De Soto learned from his captives that the chief's enmity had its origin ten years back when a Spanish expedition led by Panfilo de Narvaez landed there. The relations of the strangers and the natives were at first friendly, but trouble soon developed because of the Spaniards' arrogance and treachery. The chief was seized, and vilely mutilated by cutting off his nose, and his old mother was thrown to the dogs and devoured by them before his eyes. A few years later a Spanish ship had sailed into the bay seeking tidings of Narvaez and his men, who had marched into the Florida forests and had not been heard from since. Hirrihigua divined the purpose of the voyagers, and he indicated by signs that Narvaez had left papers there to be given to Christians who would come for them. In proof, old letters found in the Spanish camp, were tied to sticks and held up on the beach. The ship's people were suspicious and feared to trust themselves on shore. Then Hirrihigua sent four of his warriors to remain on the vessel as hostages, whereupon four Spaniards paddled to land in the Indians' canoe. But it had barely touched ground when the four warriors sprang from the ship into the water, and swam away like fish. The four white men were dragged off in triumph to the forest. Three were tortured and killed, but the fourth was still dwelling among the savages.

Two detachments of cavalry and crossbowmen were at once sent by De Soto in different directions with orders to spend a week, if necessary, searching for the captive Spaniard. The route of one of these lay through bogs and swamps where the horses traveled with difficulty, but where the Indians moved about freely. A soldier said of the savages: "Warlike and nimble, when we charge they run away; and as soon as we turn our backs they are at us again. They never keep still, but are always running about, so that no crossbow nor arquebuse can be aimed at them, and before a man of us makes one shot they make six." This detachment returned at the end of its time bringing one man mortally wounded, and several others with minor hurts, and nothing gained except four frightened squaw captives.

The other detachment started out briskly with an Indian to guide it. But after a time he became uncertain in his conduct and led the troop aimlessly through the forest from one bypath to another. At length the Spaniards discovered his treachery. They arrived where the woods were thin enough to allow a distant view, and saw the masts of the ships in the bay. Then they knew that they had been traveling in a circle, and they scared the Indian into guiding them aright. Not long afterward they turned into an open plain and encountered face to face a small band of savages. The troopers, all eagerness to fight, spurred forward at full speed, with lances set, and the Indians darted into the

leafy coverts of the forest. Only two of the fugitives were overtaken. One was wounded and captured. The other turned, warded off with his bow the lance thrust at him, made the sign of the cross in the air, and shouted to his pursuers in Spanish. He was Juan Ortiz, the man whom they were seeking, and they returned to camp with him.

Juan's three comrades had been killed shortly after their capture at a great tribal feast in Hirrihigua's village. He, then a boy of eighteen, was spared at the request of the chief's wife and daughters—spared to labor as a slave fetching wood and water, scantily fed, and constantly buffeted and cudged. On every feast day he furnished amusement for the people by being chased, and pelted with blunt arrows from sunrise to sunset. At the day's end, when he lay panting and exhausted on the ground, the chief's wife and daughters would bring him food and speak soft words to him.

Once Hirrihigua attempted to burn him alive, and would have succeeded but for the timely intervention of the lad's friends in the chief's family. After that he was set to guard the burial-place of the village. This was a lonely open field in the depths of the forest. The bodies were laid in wooden boxes resting flat on the ground. Beasts of prey would come prowling among the boxes at night, and sometimes contrived to force one open and carry off a corpse. Hirrihigua armed Juan with four darts and told him that if he allowed a body to be carried off, death should be his punishment.

For a time Juan got along very well, but at last he went to sleep one night just before dawn. The noise of a falling box cover awoke him, and he hurried to the burial chests. The body of a child brought there two days before was gone. Juan listened and heard a noise in the woods like the crunching of bones. He crept softly in that direction till he came to a clump of bushes. Beyond these he dimly perceived the figure of a crouching animal. "May God help me!" he muttered, and threw one of his darts with all his strength.

The animal neither moved nor uttered a sound, and when daylight came he saw that his missile had pierced its heart, and it lay there dead. He took up the body of the child and ran back to the burial-place, where he restored it to its box. Then he grasped the brute by one of its feet and dragged it to the village. The Indians praised him for what he had done, and Hirrihigua gave him other employment. For a time things went better, but the chief's old malice returned, and at last Hirrihigua's eldest daughter smuggled Juan away to the protection of a young neighboring chief who wanted her to be his wife.

He was still with this chief when news came that a strong Spanish force had established itself in Hirrihigua's village. Juan, with an escort of warriors, was dispatched thither to tell the Christian commander how kindly he had been treated by the young chief, and to beg in return that the chief and his people

should not be harmed. It was while Juan was on this errand that he met the Spaniards.

After reaching the camp of his countrymen and telling his story, De Soto gave him a doublet and hose of fine black velvet, and other clothing, but from long habit of having no covering except a cloth around his waist, it was several weeks before he could bear anything more on his skin than the loosest linen garment.

The fleet had been unloaded, and the nine ships sent back to Havana. Pedro Calderon was now appointed commander of a small garrison to be left in charge of the village and the three caravels. The rest of the force marched away inland, startling the ancient forest with clangor of trumpets, the neighing of horses, the fluttering of pennons, and the glittering of helmets and lances. Presently they entered the territory of Urrebarricuxi, but he kept in hiding and would not be tempted out either for peace or war.

Farther on they pushed through a swamp that they were two days in crossing, and the scouts reported another swamp ahead that made the crossing of the one just passed seem like child's play. The vast region of this "mother swamp," as they called it, was so miry as to be impassable. De Soto himself went forth scouting with a troop of horsemen looking for an opening, or a footpath used by the Indians. No footpath was found, though the Indians infested the region like mosquitoes. Again and again they swarmed forth with sudden fury, shot a volley of arrows, and disap-

peared. However, the arrows did little harm to the armor-protected horsemen. A few captives were taken and forced to act as guides, but they led their captors astray. De Soto had four of them thrown to the dogs, several of which were taken along on every reconnoissance. The dogs' appetites were kept keen by starvation, and they soon made an end of the four Indians. A fifth, in dread of a like fate, offered to guide the whites faithfully, and he led them around the swamp.

The next country to which they came was that of the chief Acuera. As soon as some captives had been secured, they were sent with greetings and presents to their chief. He was invited to meet the Spaniards in peace and friendship. But Acuera responded that from other Spaniards in years gone by he had become well aware what manner of folk they were. They went wandering round like vagabonds from country to country, robbing people who had done them no harm whatever. With such persons he wished no kind of peace and friendship, but never-ending war. He would fight them as long as they remained in his land, and he warned them that he had ordered his people to bring him two Christian heads each week.

The chief proved to be a man of his word. During the twenty days that the invaders lingered in his territory he assailed them unceasingly, and his people brought him more than twice the quota of heads he had requested. A Spaniard could not wander a hundred yards from camp, unarmed, without being spitted

by an arrow, and his comrades were rarely so quick to the rescue but that they found a headless corpse awaiting them.

The captive Indians spoke of a province called Ocali, farther along to the northeast, where the people wore ornaments of gold. This decided De Soto to direct his march thither, but he found only little groups of deserted cabins, and storehouses well filled with corn and pumpkins, dried plums and grapes, and nuts. He saw no evidence of gold. Before leaving Ocali he captured thirty Indians for slaves.

The country beyond was ruled by three brothers; five-tenths by the eldest, three-tenths by the second, and two-tenths by the youngest. One morning before daylight De Soto surprised and captured the youngest brother's village with the chief and all his warriors in it. However, only the young chief was retained a prisoner. The rest were liberated. The captive was flattered and treated with honor, and by this means was persuaded to send messages to his brothers advising their submission to the invaders. The second brother promptly came in state escorted by his best warriors and made peace with the Spaniards. But the eldest brother declared that if the white men entered his territory he would roast half of them, and boil alive the other half. Every day two of his heralds would approach the camp, sounding their horns, and proclaiming defiance with great bravado. His brothers finally came and made a personal appeal to him. Then



he pretended to be won by their persuasion, the Spaniards were invited to march into his domain, and he made ready for a grand reception and for a grand massacre afterward.

The strangers were entertained in the chief's village, where a great store of food was provided for them and their horses. There were two hundred well-built cabins in the place, and a fringe of smaller and poorer ones on the outskirts. De Soto and his staff were lodged in the chief's big cabin. The chief planned to slaughter his visitors at the end of three days of feasting, but his purpose was betrayed to Juan Ortiz by one of the native interpreters. His warriors were to assemble on a near by plain with their weapons hidden in the grass at their feet, and the Spaniards were to be invited to see what a fine troop they made. When the proper moment came, the chief was to give a signal, and they were to destroy the strangers.

De Soto learned of this scheme through Juan Ortiz, and he went to the plain with his men in battle array prepared to attack first. He led a charge of his horsemen on the Indian squadrons. The Spaniards trampled and overthrew the savages, and slew them with their swords right and left. It was armor against naked skins, steel blades against bows and arrows. Many Indians were slain, and hundreds were captured, including the chief. His warriors were compelled to do the camp drudgery as slaves, but he was treated more like a guest. Even yet he fancied that a final triumph

was possible, and he sent secret word to his warrior slaves that at noon on a certain day each was to be ready to kill the master to whom he had been allotted. He would give a war whoop as a signal for action, and he promised it would be loud enough to be heard from one end of the village to the other.

The appointed day came, and just after the midday meal the chief suddenly seized De Soto by the collar with his left hand, and dealt him such a blow in the face with his right fist as knocked him senseless. The chief flung him down, jumped on him with both feet, and shouted the war whoop. It was his last call. Ten or twelve Spanish officers were close at hand. They drew their swords and plunged them into his body, and he fell dead on the unconscious De Soto. The entire camp was in commotion, for every Indian had rushed on his master with whatever utensil or missile he could lay hold of. Several whites were killed and many were bruised and maimed; but after the first moment of surprise the Spaniards caught up their weapons, and they ceased not to use them until not one unbound Indian was left alive. Then those who were in chains were brought into the public square where platoons of halberdiers slew them.

This was done by De Soto's order. He had soon recovered from his swoon, but for twenty days his swollen face was kept in plasters and bandages. Meanwhile the Spaniards had resumed their march. They advanced seventy-five miles through a perfect hornet's

nest of assailing Indians to the village of the next province. Maddened by the attacks, the Spaniards chased the Indians like wild hogs, stuck their lances through them, and took no prisoners. Now that they were at the village, which, as usual, was deserted, they ambushed some natives to replace the slaves they had lost in the last village. These were taken along with iron collars about their necks, and to the collars were attached chains that at the other end were fastened to the belts of the troopers. It was a matter of complaint that sometimes, when in the forest, getting wood, the slaves killed their troopers and ran away with their chains; or that at night they broke their chains with stones and so escaped.

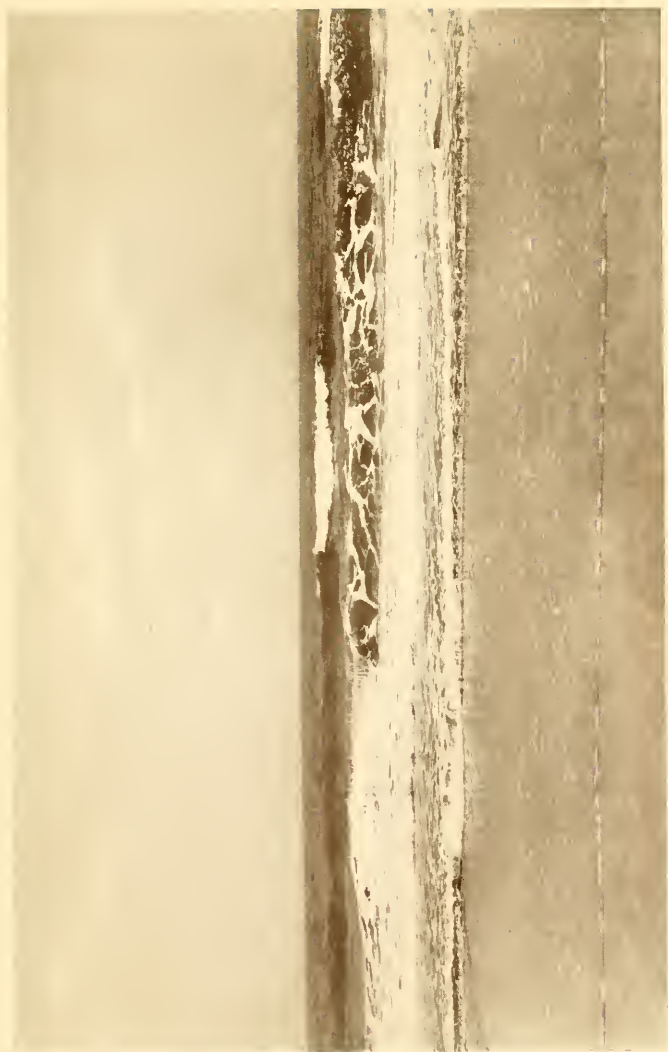
At last the expedition came to a swamp so vast that the Spanish ever afterward called it simply the "Great Swamp." Only one narrow opening could be discovered, and the Spaniards followed its winding course that would admit no more than two men abreast. Often they had to wade, and much of the way they had to fight the natives; but they persisted till the last stretch of jungle was passed. They were now in open woodland. Here the Indians had blocked the path with felled trees and with vines tied across the trail. However, the adventurers finally reached the cultivated lands of Apalachee, which were famed throughout Florida for their fertility, and a few days more of marching brought them to the chief village of the country. This is believed to have been in the

neighborhood of Tallahassee. There they spent the winter.

A troop which was sent south to seek the sea came out on the shore of the spacious bay of Apalachee and retraced its way to camp to report. Then De Soto dispatched thirty cavaliers to make the one hundred and fifty league journey to Hirrihigua's village and order Calderon's garrison to join him. They departed several hours before daybreak on the 20th of October, lightly equipped with helmets and coats of mail, and each carrying a lance and a small wallet of food. They proposed to travel rapidly and to kill every Indian they met, so no alarm would get ahead of them that would result in their being ambushed.

The first day they went thirty-three miles and killed two Indians. Some days they made as much as fifty miles. They suffered from cold, they had to cross swollen streams, partly by swimming, partly on rude rafts they made, and there were many narrow escapes from the Indians. One of the men sickened and died in his saddle, and his comrades dug a grave with their hatchets and buried him. That night in camp another man died with the same mysterious suddenness. The others fell on their knees and prayed for the dead; but no one would touch the body, for all persisted that the man had died of the plague.

At the end of the twelfth day they reached the headquarters of Calderon. One of the caravels was sent to Havana, where De Soto's wife was staying, to carry



*Atlantic surf on the Florida coast*



*A Florida jungle*

her a report of the expedition and a present of slaves. The cavaliers sailed in the other two caravels for the Bay of Apalachee, while the garrison made the march by land. Late in December the caravels arrived in the bay, and within a week Calderon's force marched into De Soto's camp after daily skirmishing with the Indians on all the hard journey. The caravels later voyaged along the coast and discovered the harbor of Pensacola, and soon afterward sailed to Cuba.

The Spaniards in their winter camp could scarcely venture outside the village without danger of death or wounds, and De Soto determined to put an end to the warfare by getting the Apalachee chief into his power. He learned that this chief had hidden in the center of an extensive forest amid the canebrakes of a swamp about twenty-five miles distant. De Soto, with a company of men, some mounted and some on foot, assailed this forest stronghold. There was a short fierce battle, and then the chief surrendered. The Spaniards gazed in wonder at him. He was too fat to walk. He could not even stand upright on his feet. In public he was carried. In private he crawled about on his hands and knees.

The Spanish commander received him affably and returned with him to camp, but, contrary to De Soto's expectations, the Indians became more persistent than ever in their ambushes. The chief said this was because his people suspected that he was being badly treated, and he begged to be sent to them as a messenger of peace.

This plan was accepted, and a company of cavalry and one of infantry were detailed to go with the chief. They traveled all day far into the forest to a spot the chief selected. There he began to shout and call, and soon ten or twelve warriors stood before him to receive his commands. He ordered them to have all the Indians in the forest gather there on the morrow. Darkness closed in over the forest, and after sentinels had been posted, the rest of the tired Spaniards betook themselves to sleep, well satisfied that on the next day they would return triumphantly to camp escorting the whole of the chief's tribe in docile submission. But when daylight came they found that the chief had disappeared. Evidently the sentinels had failed to keep awake, and he had crawled away to his lurking warriors, who had hoisted him on their shoulders and borne him beyond the reach of his enemies. The Spaniards beat the forest in vain in search of him and went back to De Soto ashamed and discomfited.

The Indian prowlers continued to haunt the woodland roundabout the camp. They showed wonderful dexterity in the use of bow and arrow, though this was but natural considering their training. According to the Spaniards, Indian babies of three years or less, as soon as they could stand on their feet, were given tiny bows and arrows, with which they hunted the beetles and other insects crawling round their cabins. They would watch for hours before the hole of a mouse or a lizard, waiting to shoot the creature when it came forth.



If there was no larger game available, they sped their arrows at the flies on the cabin walls.

In March, De Soto and his dwindling force journeyed northeasterly from Apalachee. They were soon beyond the confines of what is now Florida, and we will not follow them farther in their strange and tragic adventures.

## II

### THE OLDEST CITY IN THE UNITED STATES

AS the earliest permanent settlement made by Europeans in the United States, St. Augustine will always have exceptional interest. Its beginnings are interwoven in a story of barbaric warfare between the French and Spanish. Captain Jean Ribaut with a small French fleet visited the coast in 1562, and named the harbor of St. Augustine the "River of Dolphins" because of the many porpoises he saw there. Thence he went on northward and entered the mouth of the St. Johns. Somewhere beside its waters he planted a stone cross on which was carved the *fleur-de-lis* of France. After more exploration along the coast he sailed back across the Atlantic.

Two years later another fleet came with a colony of French Protestants to make a permanent settlement of the country. The colonists were welcomed by the Indians, who had carefully preserved Ribaut's cross with its mystic symbols, and had even sacrificed to it. These French got to know the savages very well, and found among them some who claimed to be two and a half centuries old and expected to live thirty or forty years more.

A spot was selected a few miles up the St. Johns, on the south side, and with pine logs and sand a fort was constructed and called Fort Caroline. This was on what is now known as St. Johns Bluff. The leader of the French said that on top of the hill grew "cedars, palms, and bay trees of so sovereign odor that balm smelleth not more sweetly," and in conclusion asserted, "The place is so pleasant that those which are melancholic would be inforced to change their humor." From the summit of the bluff the sea was in plain sight to the east, and in the other direction meadows and islets.

Presently queer doings began in Fort Caroline. A soldier who professed to have some expertness in magic stirred up disaffection. Those who came under his influence seized the leader of the colony while he was sick, shut him up, and then went off with a couple of vessels on a piratical cruise. They were not very successful as freebooters. Most of them perished. The remnant returned to Fort Caroline, where the commandant took four of the ringleaders into custody and shot them. Afterward he hung them on gibbets as a warning to others who might be tempted to mutiny.

Before long the garrison got into great straits for lack of food. But when their resources were well-nigh exhausted Sir John Hawkins with an English fleet visited Fort Caroline and gave them a generous allowance of provisions. One of the English wrote, "The ground doth yield victuals sufficient, if they would have

taken pains to get the same; but they, being soldiers, desired to live by the sweat of other men's brows."

This same chronicler said of the use of tobacco among the Florida Indians that "When they travel, they have a kind of herb dried, and a cane with an earthen cup in the end. They put together fire and the dried herb, and do suck through the cane the smoke, and therewith they live four or five days without meat or drink; and this all the Frenchmen used for this purpose, yet do they hold that it causeth them to reject from their stomachs and spit out water and phlegm."

The Spanish sovereign, who considered Florida his property by right of discovery, learned of the French colony, and promptly dispatched Pedro Menendez in eleven vessels with twenty-six hundred men to exterminate it. When Menendez with several of his ships approached the mouth of the St. Johns on the afternoon of September 4, 1565, he descried four French vessels anchored there outside the bar. These were part of a fleet with which Jean Ribaut had again come to America. Menendez prepared for battle, while the French assailed him with scoffs and insults, but cut their cables, left their anchors, and in all haste got their sails up and fled. The Spanish chaplain wrote, "These devils are such adroit sailors and maneuvered so well that we did not catch one of them." Pursuers and pursued ran out to sea firing useless volleys at each other.



*The Cathedral, completed in 1797*



*Ancient Spanish gateway*

By and by Menendez turned back, and voyaged along the coast southward till he came to an inlet which he entered, and there debarked troops, guns, and stores to establish a colony. He had arrived on St. Augustine's Day, and conferred the saint's name on his settlement. Here was an Indian village. The dwelling of the chief was a huge barn-like structure, strongly framed of entire trunks of trees, and thatched with palmetto leaves. This was taken possession of by the Spaniards, and around it gangs of workers toiled throwing up intrenchments. On the 8th of the month Menendez took formal possession of his domain. He landed in state at the head of his officers, while cannon were fired, trumpets sounded, and banners were displayed. The chaplain, crucifix in hand, came chanting a hymn to meet Menendez, who, with all his company knelt and kissed the crucifix. Roundabout were gathered the Indians gazing in silent wonder.

Ribaut learned of the landing of Menendez, and put to sea to make a surprise attack on the enemy. The next day the crew of one of the smaller Spanish vessels that lay outside the bar at St. Augustine with Menendez himself on board saw through the twilight of early dawn two of Ribaut's ships close at hand. Not a breath of air was stirring, and escape seemed impossible. The Spaniards fell on their knees and prayed for a little wind. Their prayer was granted, and they found refuge behind the bar. Soon the increasing light revealed to their astonished eyes nearly all of Ribaut's

ships, hovering off the entrance to the port, their decks black with men. But the breeze which Heaven had sent now freshened to a gale, and then rose to a storm more violent than any that the Indians had ever known before. It lashed the ocean into fury, and Menendez saw the French fleet beat seaward through the rack and mist, and go on beyond sight, forced southerly by the tempest. Then he decided to march overland and attack Fort Caroline during Ribaut's absence. Natives guided him and a force of five hundred men across the intervening forty miles of forest with its vines and palmetto thickets, and of inundated lowlands with their brambles, bulrushes, and mud.

Of Ribaut's followers left at the fort, only nine or ten had weapons. Four of them were boys who kept Ribaut's dogs, and another was his cook. Besides the few who had weapons, he left a brewer, an old crossbow-maker, two shoemakers, a player on the spinet, four valets, an elderly carpenter, a crowd of women and children, and eighty-six camp-followers. In addition there were the men who had been at the fort before Ribaut arrived, but only seventeen of these were able to bear arms.

The force, such as it was, stood guard in two watches, each watch in charge of an officer who had a lantern for going the rounds, and an hour-glass for keeping track of the time. When day dawned on the 20th of September, floods of rain were drenching the sentries on the ramparts, and the officer took pity on them and



on himself, and they all went to their quarters. At that very moment the Spaniards were in the neighboring thickets. Soon they made a rush on the fort, which had been allowed to fall into disrepair and had several breaches in its defenses. A trumpeter saw them and blew an alarm which brought a few half naked soldiers running wildly out of the barracks. They could make no effective resistance, the fort was captured, and in a short time most of its inmates had been slaughtered. But "after the rage of the assault was spent, Menendez ordered that women, infants, and boys under fifteen should be spared." A few of the other defendants escaped to the woods, and with great difficulty made their way to the mouth of the river, where were two vessels in which they sailed away to France.

Menendez caused his men prisoners to be hung on the near by trees and left with them an inscription, "I do this not as to Frenchmen, but to Lutherans." Before departing, the pious butcher mustered his followers, and wept with emotion as here counted the many ways in which Heaven had helped their enterprise.

When he returned to St. Augustine, on the 24th, accompanied by fifty of his men, he was met by the chaplain bearing a crucifix, "whereupon he, like a gentleman and a good Christian, kneeled with all his followers, and gave the Lord a thousand thanks for the great favors he had received from Him." Then the triumphant victors entered St. Augustine in solemn procession preceded by four chanting priests.

Ribaut's fleet was wrecked on the Florida coast by the storm, but most of the voyagers got to the shore—one party of about three hundred and fifty with Ribaut well down toward Cape Canaveral, and another party of two hundred farther north. Both parties began to make their way toward Fort Caroline. The only serious obstacle in their way was Matanzas Inlet, twenty miles south of St. Augustine. The lesser party arrived there first and camped, unable to cross. Indians brought word of their plight one midday to Menendez, who promptly set out with three boats to reconnoiter. About twenty men went in each boat. They rowed along the channel between Anastasia Island and the main shore, but when they neared the inlet left their boats and walked to the other side of the island. There they bivouacked after nightfall on the sands within sight of the campfires of the shipwrecked French. Before daybreak the next morning they went to the borders of the inlet and hid in a bushy hollow. As it grew light they could discern the enemy, many of whom were searching along the sands and shallows for shellfish to relieve their hunger.

Menendez went part way across the inlet in a boat and parleyed with a Frenchman who swam out to meet him. As a result five of the wrecked party were brought over to the island for a further parley, but the Spanish leader's only response to their appeals for aid and mercy was, "If you will give up your weapons, I will do to you as the grace of God shall direct." More-



*The arch in old Fort Marion*



*Ruin of a Spanish fort at Matanzas Inlet*

over, he said in conclusion: "I have but few men, and you are so many that you could easily overpower us. Therefore it is necessary that you should march with your hands tied."

The starving French had no recourse except to let him have his way. So first the boat conveyed across their banners, guns, swords, and helmets. Then the men were brought over ten at a time. As each boat-load arrived, the ten men were taken about two bow-shots from the shore behind a hillock of sand in a thicket of bushes, and tied. The transporting consumed the entire day. Twelve of the French who professed themselves to be Catholics, and four carpenters and calkers, of whom Menendez said he was in great need, were sent to St. Augustine by water. The rest were ordered to march thither by land. They were escorted by a vanguard and rearguard whom Menendez had ordered to destroy all these prisoners at a certain lonely spot not far distant, deep among the bush-covered sandhills; and this was done accordingly.

Somewhat more than a week later, word was brought to Menendez that the larger French party was on the south side of the inlet, and he went to deal with it. He parleyed much as before, but only one hundred and fifty of the French were persuaded to come across. Of these he spared two young gentlemen of about eighteen years of age, and also a fifer, a drummer, and a trumpeter. The others, including Ribaut, were butchered. The tragic fate that they and their predecessors met

here is commemorated by the name borne by the inlet—Matanzas—the place of slaughter. It is said that human bones are often found in the sand of the vicinity, and that the spot is haunted by unquiet ghosts, who at midnight shriek and moan and expostulate earnestly in some foreign language.

The remaining two hundred of Ribaut's men went down the coast and started to build a vessel from fragments of the wreck, but a Spanish force was sent to deal with them. Some were captured, and the rest fled to the Indian towns. Thus was ended for the time being French colonization in Florida.

The winter that followed was a trying one to the St. Augustine garrison. The naturally friendly Indians had been estranged by the cruel treatment of the Spaniards, and none of the whites could go outside the fort to hunt or fish without danger from an ever-vigilant and crafty foe. It is said that the lurking savages slew more than one hundred and twenty of the garrison by surprising them singly or in small parties. Provisions were scarce, and a considerable part of the colonists returned to Cuba, Mexico, and Spain.

Meanwhile Menendez had replaced his first rude fortification with a more pretentious one that he called Fort St. John of the Pines. It was an octagonal structure that had walls of logs set upright in the ground, and it mounted fourteen brass cannon. After finishing this fort and erecting dwellings and a house of worship, Menendez sailed away to Spain.

In April, 1568, an avenging expedition of two hundred and fifty men from France arrived on the Florida coast. They communicated with the Indians, whom they found hostile to the Spaniards, gathered a large force of them, and without much trouble captured what had been Fort Caroline. Such prisoners as were taken were led to the same spot where Menendez had hung his victims. The French leader harangued them, then swung them up on the trees that had served as gallows before. Afterward he replaced the Menendez tablet with a pine board on which was seared the statement that he hung the men, not because they were Spaniards, but because they were "traitors, thieves, and murderers." The French went away satisfied, yet they had not exterminated the enemy, and St. Augustine continued to exist.

Menendez returned the next year and turned his attention to converting the Indians to his religion. They did not, however, seem to appreciate its sublimity. In one place four priests succeeded in baptizing seven people in a year; but three of the converts were dying, and the other four were children. The Indians were quicker to accept the practice than the precepts of Menendez, and the Spaniards suffered much from their depredations.

In 1586 the famous English sea rover, Sir Francis Drake, who had been commissioned by Queen Elizabeth to capture or destroy as much Spanish property as possible, was sailing along the coast of Florida with

his fleet when he discovered a lookout on Anastasia Island. An armed party was sent ashore to investigate, and it soon returned and reported that the Spaniards had a fort and a settlement over on the mainland. Drake then landed a cannon near the head of the island, and two shots were fired at the fort just at nightfall. The first passed through the royal standard of Spain waving above the ramparts, and the second struck the log walls.

Morning dawned, and Drake says, "Forthwith came a Frenchman, being a phipher, in a little boat, playing on his phiph a familiar English tune." He proved to be one of the men whom Menendez had spared at the time of the Matanzas massacre. Drake learned from him that everybody had been scared away from the fort. Boats were at once manned, and the English soon entered the town. The garrison, in the haste of their flight, had left behind them at the fort the treasure chest containing two thousand pounds, and this fell into Drake's hands. He plundered and burned both the fort and town.

After his departure the people, with some assistance from Havana, began the task of rebuilding. Two Indian villages had been established close by—one right on the northern borders of the town and the other somewhat farther north. In both villages missionaries labored for the salvation of the savages; but in 1598 a young Indian chief, dissatisfied with the restrictions and reproaches of the priests, incited a



general conspiracy against them. One evening he and his followers killed Father Corpa in the chapel of the nearer village. Then they went to the other village to serve Father Rodriguez in the same manner. He begged that he might say mass before he died, and this favor was granted. His assailants stood by listening till he finished, then killed him, and the altar was spattered with his blood. Later they went to the several other missions up and down the coast, and very nearly exterminated the missionaries. Of course vengeance was taken by the Spaniards. Many of the marauders were slain, and their villages and granaries were burned.

There was another Indian outbreak in 1638, and a large number of prisoners were brought to St. Augustine and set to work on the fortifications. They and their descendants were kept at this task for sixty years.

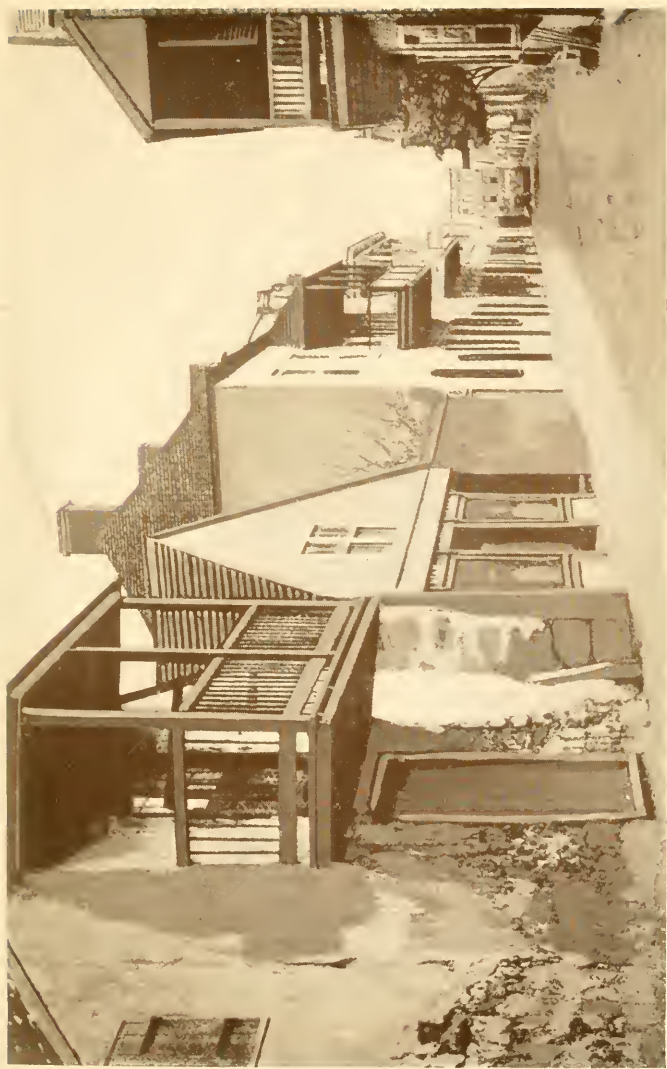
In 1665 John Davis, a famous pirate, sailed into the harbor of St. Augustine with seven vessels. Citizens and soldiers fled to the woods, and the town was plundered and its wooden portion burned.

The next serious experience of the place was in 1702, at a time when England and Spain were at war. An expedition from South Carolina consisting of six hundred militia and an equal number of Indians attacked St. Augustine by land and by sea. The stone fort of San Marco was nearing completion, and while the town was easily captured a month's siege failed to reduce the fort into which the town-folk had retired, taking with them their valuables. Presently two

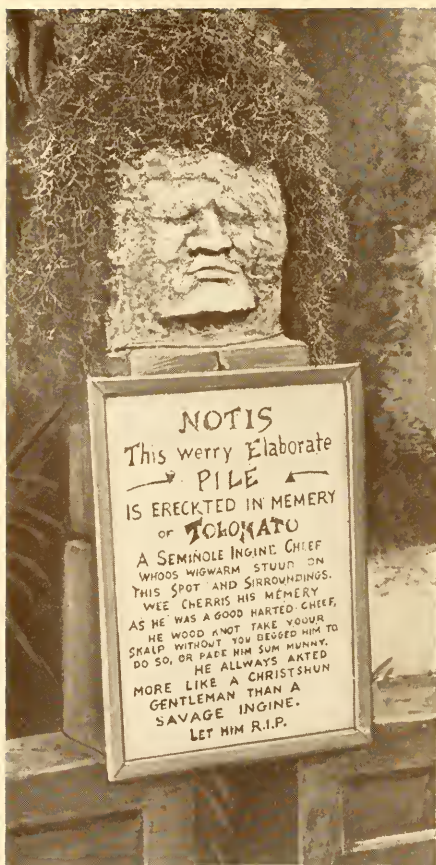
Spanish vessels appeared before the harbor, and the besiegers hastened to burn the town and escape, abandoning their transports and a considerable amount of munitions and stores. This expedition cost South Carolina six thousand pounds, which for a young and struggling colony of not much more than five thousand people was such a burden that it led to the issue of the first paper money ever circulated in America.

The feeling of enmity between the English and Spanish settlements long continued, and at length Governor Oglethorpe of Georgia undertook to capture St. Augustine. He began to bombard it June 24, 1740, with three batteries located on Anastasia Island. The entire population of the town, about three thousand, took refuge in the fort. Little damage was done, for the cannon balls simply embedded themselves in the spongy coquina stone with which the walls were constructed. After about a month of this unsatisfactory battering, the Georgians gave up their attempt and went back home.

Inroads such as these, and repeated Indian outbreaks, discouraged all attempts to cultivate the soil, and St. Augustine remained little more than a garrison town until Florida was ceded to England in 1762. Then the Spanish inhabitants nearly all left for Cuba. Such was their temper that the outgoing governor uprooted and destroyed the fine garden of the official residence, and it was with difficulty that many others were restrained from demolishing their houses. Roads



*One of the narrow streets*



*A St. Augustine monument*

were now opened, new settlements made, commerce began to develop, and for the first time something like representative government was established. But in 1783 Florida was ceded back to Spain. It was then the turn of the English inhabitants to leave. Some went to Carolina and Georgia, and others to the British West India Islands, and St. Augustine fell back into its old sleepy condition of a garrison town. This was perhaps the most idyllic period of the city's history. The world went on fighting as usual, but St. Augustine had ceased to be a bone of contention. During the genial winter months there was music and dancing, and civil and ecclesiastical feasts, and all the light amusements dear to the Latin heart. A traveler writing of the place then says: "The women are deservedly celebrated for their charms. Much attention is paid to the arrangement of their hair, their complexion is a clear brunette, and their lovely black eyes have a vast deal of expression." The town's narrow paved streets were lined with cool gray coquina-walled houses, and it was a veritable bower of tropical vegetation. Within the gates no hoof of horse ever sounded. Those who could afford to ride went about in palanquins.

After the "Louisiana Purchase" had been negotiated, the acquisition of Florida by the United States became a matter of prime importance. Its geographical situation gave it command over the marine highway between the old and new sections of the United States, and in alien hands it was a menace to the na-

tion's commerce. While it belonged to a weak country like Spain, it was an asylum for restless Indians, fugitive slaves, pirates, and other outlaws, who waged a vindictive warfare on the republic.

On the 10th of July, 1821, the guns of the fort thundered their parting salute to the Spanish flag as the garrison marched out across the drawbridge. Then the same guns roared forth a rousing welcome to the stars and stripes which had been run up in place of the Spanish banner. Florida had been bought by the United States.

Indian warfare continued to be a disturbing factor until 1842. Afterward population increased rapidly, and St. Augustine, which hitherto had been the leading town, was outdistanced by other places. But a new era began for St. Augustine when the Civil War ended. The excellent health enjoyed by the Northern garrison which occupied the place during the last three years of the war proved a telling advertisement for the salubrity of the climate, and no sooner were hostilities over than inquiries began to arrive as to hotel accommodations for the coming winter. New hotels were built, unfamiliar Paris fashions appeared on the streets with the approach of cooler weather, and the ancient Spanish city entered on a career of prosperity which surpassed her wildest dreams.

The city stands near the southern end of a peninsula formed by the Matanzas and San Sebastian Rivers. The land is for the most part level, and, where not

cultivated, is covered with beach scrub. Farther back are monotonous miles of flat woods and prairie. The gray and time-worn old fortress of San Marco (St. Mark), with its gloomy portals and dark chambers, is the most fascinating feature of the place. Its first stone was laid in 1592, the last in 1756, and it covers five acres beside the sea. It is a complete medieval fortress, and is one of the best preserved specimens in the world of the military architecture of its time. No other fortification on the western continent can rival it in age. The name bestowed on it by the Spaniards was San Marco. When it fell into the hands of the English they changed the name to St. John. Finally the United States adopted the present name in honor of a patriot general of the Revolution.

It was built by the labor of Indian captives, negro slaves, and of convicts brought from Mexico and Spain. The material used was coquina rock from the far side of Anastasia Island opposite the town. The blocks of quarried stone were carried on cross-bars resting on the shoulders of the laborers, over a long causeway to a landing where they were loaded on barges. The walls are nine feet thick at the bottom and half as thick at the top. They rise twenty-five feet above the present level of the moat which surrounds the fort. This moat is forty feet wide. It could be flooded by means of automatic gates which opened when the tide came in, and closed when the tide went out. The moat now has sand in it to a depth of several feet.

A fortified gate protected the entrance, and all who came into the fort had to pass over a drawbridge that spanned the moat, and under a heavy portcullis. Above the entrance was a hole through which melted lead could be poured on invaders. The broad level at the top of the ramparts had mountings for sixty-four guns, and these guns could be trundled down to the lower level, or from there up to the ramparts, by an incline, which has latterly been converted into a flight of steps.

Along the sea front numerous scars and indentations can be seen in the masonry. Some of these were made by British guns during Oglethorpe's siege. Others have been inflicted by modern riflemen, who at times used the moat as a shooting-gallery. There is also a courtyard wall pitted with holes where prisoners formerly stood to be shot, and the grass is said to grow thicker on that spot than elsewhere even yet because so much blood was spilled there on the ground.

A small brick building in the eastern moat is a furnace built in 1844 to make hot shot for the water battery to discharge at approaching enemy vessels.

Directly opposite the entrance, inside the fort, was a chapel, without which no Spanish fort of the period was complete. It was used for religious services as late as 1860, and at a later time served as a schoolroom for some Indian prisoners.

One dungeon was used to punish offenders by chaining them to the wall so that they could neither sit nor



lie down, but were compelled to maintain an upright position. In another, which had been sealed up and its existence unsuspected until the roof caved in, were found two cages, one containing the skeleton of a man, and the other that of a woman.

After the capture of Charleston by the British during the American Revolution, more than fifty of the most distinguished South Carolinians were seized and sent to St. Augustine, where they were held for several months. One of their number was imprisoned nearly a year in the old fort because he refused to accept the conditions on which the rest were allowed the range of the city streets.

In a casemate near the southwest bastion was confined Coacoochee, a celebrated chief in the Seminole War. He was captured in October, 1837. The whites had invited Osceola to a conference which was held under a tree a few miles from St. Augustine. Thither he came bearing a flag of truce and accompanied by eighty warriors. They were all unarmed. During the conference the mounted troops closed in. Osceola was knocked down with the butt of a musket, and he and Coacoochee and various other chiefs, and Talmus Hadjo, the medicine man, and the rest, were taken to Fort Marion. The only excuse offered by the whites for this cowardly betrayal was that "The end justifies the means; the Indians have made fools of us too often."

Coacoochee and Talmus Hadjo, who occupied a room together, contrived to get away from their prison

a few months later, and here is the former's account of how they did it:

"We had been growing sickly, and so resolved to make our escape or die in the attempt. We were in a room eighteen or twenty feet square. All the light admitted was through a hole about eighteen feet from the floor. Through this we must effect our escape. A sentinel was constantly posted at the door. To reach the hole we from time to time cut up the forage-bags allowed us to sleep on, and made them into ropes. For some weeks we watched the moon, in order that the night of our attempt should be as dark as possible. The keeper of the prison, on the night determined on, annoyed us by frequently coming into the room, and talking and singing. At first we thought of tying him, and putting his head in a bag so that, should he call for assistance, he could not be heard. We first, however, tried the experiment of pretending to be asleep. This accomplished our object. He came in, and went immediately out; and we could hear him snore in the vicinity of the door. I then took the rope, which we had secreted under our bed, and mounting on the shoulder of my comrade worked a knife into a crevice of the stonework as far up as I could reach. On this I raised myself to the opening. Here I made fast the rope that my friend might follow me. I then passed a sufficient length of it through the hole to reach about twenty-five feet to the ground in the ditch outside. With much difficulty I succeeded in getting through,

for the sharp stones took the skin off my breast and back. I was obliged to go down head foremost until my feet were through, fearing every moment the rope would break.

“At last, safe on the ground, I awaited with anxiety the arrival of my comrade. Two men passed near me, talking earnestly, and I could see them distinctly. Soon I heard the struggling of my companion far above me. He had succeeded in getting his head through, but his body would come no farther. In the lowest tone of voice I urged him to throw out his breath, and then try. Afterward he came tumbling down the whole distance. For a few moments I thought him dead. I dragged him to some water close by, which restored him, but his leg was so lame he was unable to walk. I took him on my shoulder to a thicket near the town. Daylight was just breaking. It was evident we must move rapidly. I caught a mule in an adjoining field, and making a bridle out of my sash, helped my companion mount, and started for the St. Johns River. The mule was used one day, but fearing the whites would track us, we felt more secure on foot, though moving very slow. Thus we continued our journey five days, subsisting on roots and berries, when I joined my band, then assembled on the headwaters of the Tomoka River.”

The possibility of making such an escape from the old fort has sometimes been questioned. A wealthy tourist once wagered that the Indian captives could

not have gotten out through that high window and down to the ground. A United States sergeant accepted the wager and himself performed the feat to the great delight of the spectators.

During the years 1875 to 1878 a considerable number of Texas Indians were imprisoned in the St. Augustine fortress. Some were known to be guilty of atrocious crimes. Others were simply leading men of their tribes against whom there was no particular charge, but who were confined on the principle that prevention is better than cure. Among them were individuals with such names as Medicine Water, Hailstone, Sharp Bully, Come See Him, and Lean Bear. During the day they were allowed to move about the interior of the fort, and were sometimes taken out in squads to bathe. At night they were locked up.

In 1886 seventy-seven Apache Indians were brought to the fort, where they were kept about a year. One of them was Nanna, their nation's greatest war chief, and a person who probably had more scars on his body than any other man in the country.

The fort was in the hands of the Confederates at the time of the Civil War until March, 1862, when a Union gunboat came across the bar, and the fort displayed a white flag. The small garrison and about one-fourth of the inhabitants had fled the night before, and a number of women had cut down the flagstaff in front of the barracks in order to delay the hoisting of the national colors.

Shortly afterward a detail of Federal troops from the fort, acting as guards for a party of wood-cutters, was attacked by a squadron of Confederate cavalry. The attacking party made a dash for the teams of the wood-cutters, but was driven off after a sharp skirmish. Three of the Federals were killed, and their commander was mortally wounded.

In the center of the old section of the city is the plaza, an attractive stretch of greensward, paths, shrubs, and shade trees. Probably the square was originally designed for a parade ground. We know that the British soldiers drilled and performed their evolutions there, and that it was used in the same way by the Union troops in the Civil War. It has always been the scene of public meetings, and on it the men-at-arms gathered when the alarm gun was fired in the old days of strife with red foes and white. While Florida was a part of the British empire the American Revolution was fought. The sentiment of St. Augustine was intensely loyal, and when the news of the Declaration of Independence was received Adams and Hancock were burned in effigy on the plaza.

Among the trees is a low open-sided pillared structure in which the tourists find shelter from the sun, and drink sulphur water. This is known as the old slave market. It stands on the site of a frame building which the Spanish used as a general market, but in which slaves are said to have been sometimes sold.

At the north end of the plaza is the post office with

its long two-story veranda front. It is without doubt the oldest post office in the United States. During the Spanish rule it was the governor's palace. The little park around it was walled in and was the governor's private garden.

Near by, fronting on the plaza, is the old cathedral, finished in 1797, the first Roman Catholic church in the United States. Its Moorish belfry contains a chime of four bells, the smallest of which bears the date of 1682.

The buildings in the older parts of the town generally date back to the final period of Spanish occupancy, between 1784 and 1821. On some of the narrow ancient streets many of the houses have balconies that project toward each other from the second story in a very sociable way. Particularly interesting are the buildings that have walls of coquina. Many of the quaint old dwellings have high-walled gardens full of tropical trees and flowers.

Treasury Street, which used to be famed as the narrowest street in the United States, has been effaced by fire. It was six feet and one inch wide, and a good-sized man could reach across it with outstretched arms.

St. George's Street, nineteen feet wide has been the main business thoroughfare of the place for three centuries. Here, near the city gates, is seen a rude little story and a half house which is the oldest frame house in our country. It was formerly a schoolhouse.

Scarcely less interesting is the "House of History" fronting on the bay. It was erected by Spanish officials before 1691, and one of its rooms served for the first city jail. Here the more desperate prisoners were shackled with heavy chains to the floor.

St. Augustine's situation on the peninsula is such that only from the north was there serious danger of land attack. Three lines of defense were constructed there extending from river to river. The inner line contained the city gates, which have survived to the present time flanked by a few yards of coquina wall, with the stone sentry boxes in the buttresses. The rest of the wall was a palisade of logs. On the outer side of the wall was a water-filled moat, and the approach to the gates was by a drawbridge which was pulled up at night. Substantial earthworks paralleled the wall farther north, and the exterior slope of their parapet was covered with a dense growth of Spanish bayonet, through which it was well-nigh impossible to force a passage. The gates were strongly guarded, and repeatedly saved the town from sudden enemy onslaughts.

Because the ocean was making encroachments on the city, a sea wall was built in 1691. The present sea wall, three-fourths of a mile long, was completed by the United States government in 1842. It rises ten feet above low tide, and has a granite coping three feet broad which is much used as a promenade. In the early days easterly storms with their accompanying

high tides often drove the water up into the streets, and even now the spray at times flies over the coping.

There used to be a tattered old darky who loitered along the sea wall near the ancient fort, watching with wary eyes till a tourist came into his vicinity. Then he would say: "Hyar yo' are, suh! Hyar's yo' lucky beans. Take a han'ful, suh, an' be lucky all de res' ob yo' born days. I give dem to yuh. I aint charge yo' nuffin' kase yo' is de ve'y image ob my ol' massa. Yaas yo' is, suh! Monst'ous fine lookin' man he was, yaas, suh. De ladies jes' nachully foller my ol' massa roun' kase he such a fine man. T'ank yo' kindly, suh. Yo' sho is like ol' massa!"

Whether the man he accosted was tall or short, fat or lean, made no difference. If he addressed a lady, she was the image of his "ol' missus" who was the best dressed and handsomest woman in the state.

When he was asked on a frosty morning what made the weather so cold, he replied: "It's dese Northern people. We never had nuffin' like dis ontwell dey begun to come down hyar so much. 'Pears like dey brung it in der clo'es."

Customs that were relics of the Spanish days prevailed in the city to the time of the Civil War. Just before Lent, carnival was observed, with masquerades and idle and frivolous street sport by night, and processions of vagrant men and boys disguised in masks and grotesque array by daylight. A ridiculous burlesque, exhibited in honor of St. Peter, the fisherman



of Galilee, was the closing show of the feast. "As I passed along one of the narrow streets," says an eyewitness, "my attention was arrested by various exclamations and boisterous cries of a motley crowd of black and white, who thronged the street, occasionally surging to the right hand and left. On a nearer approach I perceived two men heading the rabble with faces masked and their persons attired in a coarse shabby fisher's dress. Over the shoulder of each was flung a net. Whenever a boy, black or white, came within range of a cast, the net was suddenly thrown over him. Thus the streets were beset till the end of the carnival brought an end to this solemn farce illustrating the call of St. Peter to become a fisher of men."

Another odd celebration was the "shivaree." On an evening after a marriage the welkin was made to ring with a most discordant concert of voices, horns, tin pans, and other boisterous sounds. The whole city was disturbed by the ill-mannered riot and confusion. In any orderly community it would have consigned the perpetrators to a guard-house. The residence of the newly-wedded pair was beset by the rabble in some cases till the noise-makers were bought off with money or whisky.

In December, 1840, there appeared a "Notice to Travelers" informing them that a carriage had begun to make the trip twice a week between St. Augustine and Picolata, not quite a score of miles west on the St. Johns. The notice goes on to say: "Those who

patronize this undertaking are assured that the horses are strong and sound, the carriage commodious and comfortable, that none but careful and sober drivers will be employed, also every attention will be paid to their convenience. Fare each way five dollars. A military escort will accompany the stage going and returning."

The Indians were on the warpath at the time, and there were many tragedies in the vicinity. One of these occurred in May of that year. Three members of a theatrical company were attacked while coming toward the town over the Picolata road. One was killed. Another hid in a swamp pond, entirely under water except his face, and that was covered by a large leaf of a water plant. When a party of white searchers arrived he revealed himself to them by lifting the leaf, greatly to their surprise. The third man escaped to St. Augustine, which he is said to have entered with his hair standing perfectly erect on his head, and in twenty-four hours his hair had turned entirely white. The Indians rifled the baggage wagon and carried off a considerable portion of the stage dresses and other paraphernalia. Neither this loss nor the death of one of their number prevented the troupe from filling their engagement in St. Augustine.

The city was not connected by railroad with Jacksonville until after 1870. For some time previous daily steamers plying on the St. Johns between Jacksonville and Pilatka left passengers for St. Augustine at Tecoi,

which consisted of a shed and a sandbank, and a little shanty where refreshments were served. A railroad went thence across country to the coast. It had wooden rails, and the primitive cars were drawn by horses. Two hours ordinarily sufficed for the journey, but in the height of the season, when the cars were crowded, four hours were consumed in going the fifteen miles. Yet, in spite of slow locomotion and rough accommodations, constant throngs of the rank and fashion of the winter pleasure seekers passed over this railroad, and to some at least the leisurely ride was a source of never-ceasing interest and pleasure. Long reaches of green moist land formed perfect flower-gardens. The woods hung full of beautiful climbing plants. Through openings here and there could be seen groves of wild orange trees. Palmettos raised their scaly trunks and gigantic green fans. Not only did the cars move leisurely, but there were many pauses which enabled the passengers to gather specimens of the floral beauties.

St. Augustine is separated from the ocean by a water channel a half mile broad, and Anastasia Island, which has here a width of somewhat over a mile. A long bridge connects the city with the island. Sand dunes, partially overgrown with scrub pine and palmetto, are the predominant feature of the island, and so white is the sand and so fine its texture that it resembles the drifting snows of the far north.

The Spaniards early found it necessary to maintain a lookout on the island to watch for approaching

vessels. They at first posted a man in a "crow's-nest," a platform at the top of some tall tree-trunks. Subsequently a coquina tower was erected. In 1769 the English added sixty feet to its height with framework on which they mounted a cannon. Whenever a vessel was sighted coming, the cannon was fired and a flag was hoisted. There were two flagstaffs, one on the north side and one on the south side, and the flag was run up on the side whence the vessel was approaching. After the United States came into possession of Florida the old tower was converted into a lighthouse whose warning rays were first displayed in 1823. It was originally a half mile from the beach, but the sea gradually ate away the land till 1880, when a violent storm undermined the walls. The vicinity is still strewn with the ruins. The present light tower is painted with black and white spiral bands so that it can be readily distinguished from any other landmark on the coast.

A mile and a half south of the lighthouse are the coquina quarries. Coquina is a Spanish word which means shellfish, and this indicates the material of which the rock is composed. It is a natural concrete of tiny shells with here and there a larger shell embedded in it. These shells are the accumulation of ages. Before exposure to the air the rock is comparatively soft and can be readily carved for building purposes into any shape required. It is enduring and attractive. Vast quantities of the loose shells strew the neighboring beaches.



*February on the beach, Anastasia Island*



*Pablo Beach palmettos and sand dunes*

South Beach, on Anastasia Island, boasts of an alligator farm, where you can see the alligators in all stages of growth from those just out of the shells to the mature monsters. The beaches of the vicinity are noted for their bathing and fishing and for their automobile courses.

Down at Matanzas Inlet are the ruins of an old Spanish fort that guarded this approach to the town. Three and a half miles northeast of the inlet a great spring wells up through the sea water, which has there a general depth of fifty feet. When directly over or to the leeward of it a sulphurous odor may be perceived.

### III

#### THE STATELY ST. JOHNS AND THE BEAUTIFUL OCKLAWAHA

**T**HE Indians called the St. Johns the Welaka, which means "chain of lakes," and which very accurately describes the stream. When it was discovered by the French, who made it a welcome harbor on the first day of May, 1562, they named it in honor of that month, the River of May. The Spaniards called it the *San Mateo* (St. Matthew) and afterward *San Juan* (St. John). It is the one large river of Florida. Indeed, in its lower course it is one of the widest of American rivers, and resembles an arm of the sea. It is one of the few rivers on the continent that run north. For seventy-five miles between Palatka and Jacksonville it is never less than one mile wide, and in places attains a breadth of six miles. In the final stretch of fifteen miles below Jacksonville it spreads over extensive marshes, but is comparatively narrow where it joins the sea.

The St. Johns rises in Saw Grass Lake on the borders of the Everglades, not a dozen miles from the east coast. The water of the upper river is beautifully pure and transparent, but below Sanford it is a dark muddy



stream which makes its sluggish way through an interminable succession of swamps. So slight is the fall that the brackish tides are perceptible for a hundred miles above the mouth.

For over two centuries after the Spanish established themselves in Florida the St. Johns was practically the only avenue of travel to the interior of the peninsula. Vessels drawing five feet can ascend it about two hundred and thirty miles, and then are only seven miles from the tide water of the Indian River. The St. Johns affords innumerable attractions to sportsmen, yachtsmen, and fishermen to indulge in their favorite pastime. It is enticing and tricky for sailing craft, for it starts you out with all manner of zephyrs until you get into the very middle, several miles from land on either side, when down goes your limp sail, and the breeze is off on some other errand, leaving you to your reflections.

The shallows are full of fish, and you may sometimes see mullet leap from the river surface six feet into the air, gleaming like silver in the sunshine.

At Jacksonville the river makes a sharp turn to the eastward. Long before the advent of Europeans this elbow of the river formed a natural rendezvous for tribal, war, and hunting expeditions. An early English name for it was Cows Ford. When Florida was under British rule, what was called the King's Road was built north and south from St. Augustine, and this crossed the St. Johns at Cows Ford.

In 1816 Lewis Z. Hogans, a settler here on the south side of the river, married a Spanish widow, who held a grant of two hundred acres of land on the present site of Jacksonville. After that he made his home on her property. A little later a ferry was established, and in 1820 an inn was opened. Two years more passed, and streets were laid out and a town government organized. In 1833 the place was named in honor of General Andrew Jackson, who was governor of Florida for a time after it was acquired by the United States. During the Seminole War Jacksonville became a place of refuge, blockhouses were erected, and a garrison was maintained there.

A description of the city in 1855 informs us that it had a population of less than two thousand. Its streets were of deep soft sand, but broad and regular. Fine residences were few, and not much attention was paid to flowers or lawns. Most of the dwellers rooted out the grass so that snakes would be less likely to lurk in the yards. There were two or three groves of oaks and magnolias in the place, and a swamp in which the water was several feet deep in spots. The post office was a little ten by twelve wooden structure in which the postmaster conducted a jewelry business. Two mails arrived each week, one from Savannah, and one from Charleston, both by boat. These boats and a stage twice a week to Tallahassee were the only public conveniences for coming to, or leaving, the city.

There was a Masonic Hall and an Odd Fellows Hall.

The method used to notify the public when a meeting was to be held in one of these halls was for an official to go to an open window and blow a horn. You can judge that the city was not extensive, for the people could all hear the tooting.

Security at night was secured by two patrolmen who were selected by the marshal each day from the male citizens to serve from eight o'clock in the evening to six in the morning. It was their duty to arrest every colored person who was found away from home without a pass from owner or employer. The place where those arrested were lodged was a small building called "the jug." In the morning they were brought before the mayor, fined, and released.

Several schooners were often at the wharves taking on lumber. A city boat towed many logs from both up and down the river. The captain usually drew near port about midnight, and let every one know he was coming, whether they wished that information or not, by sounding his whistle all the time for the last few miles until he reached his landing.

Jacksonville's first railroad, which extended fifty miles to Alligator, now Lake City, was begun in 1857. It was completed in March, three years later, when an excursion was given the people of Jacksonville to the western terminal. A big crowd went, there was a barbecue and speeches, and they had a grand time. About a week later the railroad gave the Lake City people an excursion to Jacksonville, and a maiden of

the former place, bearing a pitcher of water from Lake De Soto at her end of the railroad, mingled it with a pitcher of water from the St. Johns River carried by a Jacksonville lass.

At the beginning of the Civil War lumbering had become an important industry in the vicinity, and Jacksonville was without a rival in its shipment of Florida produce. A small Confederate force held the city until March, 1862, when three United States gunboats and several lesser vessels came up the river. The Confederates retreated to the interior, and the place was peacefully surrendered by the city authorities. According to the Federals they found many smoldering ruins of mills and other buildings, but the Confederates declared that this destruction was the work of the invaders. Announcement was made that the place would be permanently held by the national forces, and a meeting of citizens repudiated the ordinance of secession. Yet in less than a month the troops were withdrawn. Many of the inhabitants who had declared their allegiance to the Union feared to remain, and were given transportation to the North.

In the autumn Jacksonville was again occupied for a short time by the Federals. They came for a third time early the following spring. The troops on this occasion were negroes who had lately been slaves. Three transports convoyed by a gunboat brought them up the river. There was no opposition, and when the transports made fast to the wharves the men jumped

ashore without waiting for the gang-plank. The townspeople were much alarmed by the arrival of the negro soldiers, but no serious trouble developed.

A considerable body of Confederates was encamped about eight miles to the westward. One day they mounted a gun on a platform car and ran it down the track within range of the city. Several buildings were struck by shells from the gun. The Federal commander went out with a reconnoitering party and lost a number of men in a brush with the enemy. After a stay of only three weeks the Union troops again abandoned the city. In the confusion of departure a mania for firing buildings developed among the stragglers and camp followers. The fleet steamed away leaving the place in flames, which, fanned by a high wind, almost destroyed the town.

In February, 1864, the Federals were back, this time with ten thousand troops, and the intention to secure complete control of the peninsula by marching along the railroad from Jacksonville to Tallahassee. The Confederates had promptly evacuated the former place and withdrawn fifty miles west to the vicinity of Olustee. There they threw up earthwork defenses where the railroad was crossed by a swampy creek with a lake on one side and piney woods on the other. Protracted rains had filled the lowlands with water so that they were nearly impassable. At noon on the 20th of the month the Federal advance neared Olustee and marched into a trap. The mud and water that

were in the woods for miles along the railroad, and the jungle of palmetto scrub had caused the omission of any adequate scouting, and the first notice the Federals had of danger was a scathing discharge of bullets from an invisible foe. A line of battle was formed, and a spirited fire was returned, but it was impossible to get at the enemy on account of the morass. Regiment after regiment moved forward, exhausted its ammunition into the screen of pine and palmetto, and fell back leaving a heavy percentage of dead and dying. Late in the afternoon the Confederates assumed the offensive, and the Federals retreated. The victors had captured five hundred prisoners and two thousand small-arms, and inflicted a loss in killed, wounded, and missing of a fifth of their opponent's men. This was the most important Florida battle in the war. The whole field of action can be seen from the car window a mile east of Olustee.

Jacksonville, whose inhabitants now numbered scarcely more than one hundred, remained in Union hands until peace was declared. Its growth since has been notably rapid. It prospers because of its admirable location, with railroads and steamship lines that make it the gateway to the larger part of the state. The greatest event in its recent history was a terrible conflagration in May, 1901, that wiped out the principal part of it. Six hundred and fifty acres were burned over, and nearly three thousand buildings destroyed, entailing a property loss of fifteen million

dollars. But a much finer city has arisen from the ashes, and it has become the Florida metropolis with a population that is nearing one hundred thousand. It is the largest orange market in the world. The streets are pleasantly shaded by immense live oaks and other trees. There are a number of bathing resorts on the Atlantic coast within reach of the city, and among its suburban attractions is an ostrich farm.

When one starts from Jacksonville on a voyage up the river he soon leaves behind the city uproar, the skyscrapers and drawbridges and shipping, and is amid scenery that has changed little from the days before the white men came, when the waters of the river were navigated only by the picturesque Indian dugouts fashioned by fire and hatchet from a single cypress log. At Jacksonville the St. Johns is three miles wide, and as far as Palatka it continues so broad that the shores as seen from the steamer present no very distinctive features.

Back of the swamps that border the stream is higher ground where are attractive villages, groves, and farms, but these are for the most part beyond the voyager's sight. Occasionally he gets a glimpse of a road that comes down through the sand from a sub-tropical wilderness that is almost primeval. The road ends at a long pier that reaches out across the shallows to where there is deep water, which is only near the middle of the stream.

Some years ago "A Florida Housekeeper" wrote to

a New York newspaper to enlighten the thousands of people who each year go up and down the river and return North with very little more idea of Florida than they had when they came from their homes. Her own home was only a stone's throw back from the borders of the stream. She says:

“Our house is on a shell mound a good many feet above the water level. These shell mounds are frequent on the river. Our house is very comfortable, and we live a pleasant life. Cattle can be bought for fifteen dollars a head, and live on the food in the woods. Our cattle are branded and range for twenty miles. We keep the calves at home, and the cows come to them every evening. We have about sixty cattle, and once in two or three weeks we kill one of them. We eat some of the beef while fresh, and corn the rest. Chickens we get for thirty cents each. About once a week our man kills a wild turkey in the woods near the house. About once in two weeks some one of the household shoots a deer, and we have venison. Early in the morning we send a man with a cast net to the river, and he catches about twenty fish. Our hogs number about thirty. A grown pig is worth four dollars. They range the woods and feed on what they find. Besides the above list of meats we have quail and ducks, pigeons, and bear's meat. Bears sometimes help themselves to one or two of our pigs.

“We had from our garden last year Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, cabbages, lettuce, tomatoes, peas,



turnips, and beets, which the soil yielded with very little trouble and expense. We also had figs, oranges, lemons and citrons, grapes and blackberries, huckleberries, watermelons, peaches, and bananas. We have our own corn and hominy, also our own syrup of sugarcane, and our own rice. We have a mule to plough and work, and we have a horse for family use. We have our watch dog, and ten hunting dogs which keep us in venison and game. We have colored servants, and they do well. Pine wood for house fires, and oak for cooking in a stove is all picked up on the place. We sail and drive and walk and are busy early and late.

“I heard a Northern party remark that they had seen no flowers in Florida but pumpkin blossoms. I suppose some people go through the world with their eyes shut; or what shall I suppose with flowers all about me?”

If you are in a village near the St. Johns in the early morning you are likely to hear the tinkle of cowbells on the street, and you will see the scrub cows of the place rambling toward the river. There they wade out perhaps several hundred yards into water as deep as permits them to stand without swimming. They are after the tender leafage of aquatic plants. When they have satisfied their appetites they return to the shore and repose beneath the live oaks chewing the cud of contentment. The cows are particularly fond of water hyacinths, and keep them close cropped along the borders of such parts of the stream as they frequent.

These plants everywhere line the river bank, and little green rafts of them are continually floating down the stream. They are equipped with air bulbs that enable them to keep afloat even when separated from their moorings. When they blossom in the spring they make the margins of the broad river a blue sheen of dainty color. On the creeks where they are undisturbed by browsing cattle, or by boats, they crowd the surface from shore to shore with serried ranks of their green air bulbs, and effectually halt all navigation. They are capable of growing on marshy land beside the streams, but for the most part are in the water where they attain their largest size when floating without being attached to the bottom. The rosettes formed by the blossoms sometimes reach up two feet above the water. Within a few years after they had been introduced on the St. Johns for the purpose of beautifying the stream they threatened to render navigation on the river impossible. Great masses of the plants collected along the shores and were shifted by wind and current until they formed obstructions extending over its entire breadth, through which even steamers could not penetrate.

As one goes up the river, Mandarin, fifteen miles from Jacksonville, is exceptionally interesting because here Harriet Beecher Stowe made her winter home from 1868 to 1884. She came south to escape the bitter New England weather, and to help educate the colored people whom she had done so much to set free. First

she hired an old plantation on the west side of the St. Johns near the present village of Orange Park and established her son Frederick there as a cotton planter. But raising cotton was not a business success and was abandoned after a two years' trial.

Meanwhile, she had been attracted by the charms of Mandarin on the other side of the river. Many years before, an English colony had settled there in the jungle and started orange groves. In a short time the scent of the waxy white orange blossoms filled the air each spring with rich perfume, and toward the year's end the trees were decked with golden fruit. Slender lines of docks were built far out across the river shallows to where ships could take on cargoes of the precious harvest for Northern ports. Along the lanes were hedgerows, the gardens bloomed with English roses and lilies and violets, and ivy climbed over the porches. Mrs. Stowe bought a place containing two hundred acres. On it was a comfortable cottage, five large date palms, an olive tree in full bearing, and a fine orange grove of one hundred and fifteen trees that in a recent year had yielded fruit that sold on the wharf for two thousand dollars. The story-and-a-half dwelling stood on a bluff overlooking the St. Johns, which is five miles broad at this point. It nestled in the shade of a grove of superb moss-hung live oaks, round one of which the front piazza was built. Everywhere about were flowers and singing birds. Northern sightseers, attracted by Mrs. Stowe's fame, would

sometimes land at the wharf, roam over the place, pick flowers, and peer into the house through the doors and windows.

There was no railroad nearer than Jacksonville, and the family were chiefly dependent on the river steamers for keeping in touch with the rest of the world. When they wanted to make a land trip they would go in an old wagon drawn by a mule, a worn-out patriarch named Fly. If any of the darky tribe were behind him he would prick up his ears and trot at a decent pace. But with the white women and girls in the vehicle he was obstinately determined not to put one foot before the other one bit faster than he was actually forced to do. Down would flop his ears, down went his head, and he crept along contemplatively "looking for all the world like a very rough dilapidated old hair trunk in a state of locomotion." However, there was one accomplishment in which no mule could have been better versed than was Fly—he could be trusted to stand for any length of time without an attempt to move.

Mandarin prospered until 1886. One noon in February of that year the mercury stood at eighty. Winter seemed to be past, and the languorous spring had apparently arrived. In mid-afternoon clouds drifted up from the southwest, and there was much rain. The weather turned chilly, and the chill increased until late in the day the last of the rain that fell on the tree foliage became icicles. These icicles swayed and tin-

kled in the northwest wind all night, and before morning the thermometer had registered fifteen degrees above zero. A thousand acres of orange trees at Mandarin were frozen, trunk and branches. But the trees started up from the roots, and the more courageous colonists nursed their orchards back into bearing, only to have them cut to the ground by frost a second time about ten years after the other freeze. Most of the people moved away, and for a long time tenantless houses and gardens overgrown by jungle were numerous in the vicinity. Mrs. Stowe's house was torn down, and its very foundations have been obliterated by the tangle of wild verdure which in that climate overruns everything so quickly when not repressed. But the live oaks with their towering rounded heads still remain.

Not much more than a dozen miles south of Mandarin is Green Cove Springs. The spring that has made the place famous is one that discharges three thousand gallons every minute at a temperature of seventy-eight degrees the year round. The wonderful purity of the water and its green mysterious depths and reflections are a source of never-ending pleasure. At the head of deep water navigation is Palatka, one of the most important towns of the interior of the state. The river here is one mile broad, and is crossed by the only vehicle bridge in its entire length. There was formerly published at Palatka a newspaper which was so noted for its alligator stories that the editor was universally known as "Alligator Pratt."

Near the town is a two thousand acre camphor plantation, the only one in the United States. The camphor gum is extracted from the leaves and twigs.

South of Palatka the river is comparatively narrow and swift, and so crooked that the distance is twice that by rail. The trees on the banks and the flourishing and unfamiliar vegetation, and the frequent towns and villages are now close enough at hand to be interesting. Sanford, which is probably the best known of all the places on this part of the river, is becoming celebrated as "The Celery City." When a traveler steps off a train there in April he is accosted by a smiling young woman who says, "Won't you try some of our celery?" and proffers a fragrant, tempting stalk or two with the remark, "We are very proud of the celery we grow here, and want all strangers to know how good it is."

The waters of the upper river and of the numerous lakes it links together are teeming with bass, pickerel, perch, and other varieties of fish; and in the cooler part of the year they are the resort of myriads of ducks and snipe. The virgin forests that stretch away on either side abound in quail, turkey, and deer, and contain now and then a bear, wild cat, and panther.

Palatka is the starting-point of the Ocklawaha steamers. They go south twenty-five miles, then turn west and enter the old forests of the "dark crooked water," which is what the name of the stream means in English. The journey ends at Silver Springs, one



*A quiet nook on the borders of the St. Johns River*



*Getting the trotter ready*



hundred and ten miles farther on. Enthusiasts call the Ocklawaha "the sweetest water-lane in the world," and the voyage through this liquid silent forest aisle is full of weird interest. Certainly no trip to Florida is complete which does not include an outing on this romantic stream with its ever-changing scenes and its tonic air laden with the balsamic odors of the forest. The voyage is a visit to fairyland. A native of Vermont cleared the river of fallen trees, snags, and other obstructions and began to make the Ocklawaha trip with passenger steamboats at the close of the Civil War. Before that nothing larger than barges propelled by poles navigated the stream.

As the river winds along, it almost doubles on itself in places. Often it is so narrow that it is no more than a creek, and the passengers wonder if the boat will not be obliged to retreat. But the vessel has been built to overcome these difficulties, and while having no more than the deck dimensions of a tug makes up in height what she lacks in length and width. Besides she has a peculiar recessed stern wheel, and double steering gear. She turns and twists with the channel, now approaching this shore and now that, and sometimes running so close to the trees that the branches flap against the people in the more exposed deck positions. You can seldom see more than a few hundred yards ahead, but each turn reveals some new attraction. More than nine-tenths of the voyage is through a dense growth of partly submerged cypress, and only at a few

points does dry land approach the channel, but the edges of the swift deep stream are defined by the flowers and leaves of aquatic plants, among which are the familiar lilies, "sitting on their round lily-pads like white queens on green thrones."

One annoyance to sensitive persons on the old-time passenger boats was the constant firing of sportmen's guns. These guns were in the hands of men who seemed to think that the chief end of man is to shoot something. They were not shooting to procure food or fur or feathers, for the boat kept on its way, and they secured nothing that they hit. It was an indiscriminate killing and maiming without a particle of sympathy for the animals of that paradise through which the boat was passing. The fusillade spared no living thing that showed itself. If a bird was hit and hung head downward from a limb with a broken wing, the deed was greeted with a chorus of laughter. If an alligator was struck the applause redoubled, and the creature's dying agonies were found extremely diverting. Several shooting accidents to passengers, one of which resulted fatally, at last compelled a reform of the abuse.

Animal life along the river had been nearly exterminated, but since the use of firearms has been prohibited the wild creatures of the swamps have become quite fearless. You will see herons, eagles, and other denizens of the watery forest, and sometimes a timid deer. On the partly submerged trunks of trees are numerous turtles sunning themselves. There they sit in solemn,

silent rows until the steamer draws near, and then they plunge into the water and swim away under the surface. But the creature which arouses the most interest is the alligator. To lie all day on a log or on the bank basking in the sunshine seems to be the ideal of its existence. The hotter the day the more alligators are visible. Several are sure to be seen on any day when the weather is warm, and half a hundred are sighted sometimes. The largest are fully twelve feet long. Most of them slide into the water with surprising nimbleness as the boat approaches, but there are those who refuse to budge.

Besides furnishing pleasure to tourists, the Ocklawaha is something of a commercial highway. From far back on the gently rising uplands that lie beyond the swampy shores of the river come flatboats loaded to the water's edge with crates of oranges. They are propelled down dark lagoons and sinuous creeks till they arrive at the river, where the accommodating steamer stops to take their freight on board. You may also encounter a raft that is being navigated to a saw-mill by a couple of negroes. At long intervals there is a clearing with orange groves and a house or two, and there are remains of former lumber camps, and a few landings where you may see an occasional human being.

The latter part of the Ocklawaha journey is made at night, and it is then that the river is seen most impressively after a fire of pine knots has been kindled

in a big iron box on the top of the pilot-house. This blazes finely, and the light from the resinous yellow flames advances up the dark sinuosities of the stream in a manner that is enchantingly mysterious. The foliage which it touches is magically green, the festooning mosses are transformed to silvered garlands, the tree trunks turn to corrugated gold, and the black slimy stumps become jeweled pillars. When the fire dies down a little the distant scenery becomes indistinct and shadowy, and the great trees are pallid and ghostly. Then fresh knots are thrown in, the fire blazes up, and again the winding forest walls are brightly lighted amid the impenetrable surrounding mirk, while everything is reflected in the smooth water.

It is hard enough for the boat to twist and squeeze herself along the river in broad daylight, and navigation is doubly difficult at night. Sometimes there is a scraping of limbs and twigs along the sides of the vessel, and she halts with a sudden thump. A little bell tinkles, and the motion of the engine ceases. In rounding a sharp curve the boat has run her nose smash into the bank. Then the colored deck hands get busy with their poles, and push until the bow is swung out into the stream. Again the wheel turns, and the little vessel puffs calmly onward. The river damp wraps all things in grateful coolness, and the boat glides forward into filmy mists out of which fly startled birds into the bright light, and after an instant of illuminated flight vanish into the darkness. Can



*Foyaging on the Ocklawaha*



*A Cracker's home*

you wonder that some travelers remain on deck until morning to enjoy the fascinating revelation of the marvels of "The Mysterious River" as the vessel swings on around the curves through the mazes of this Southern forest?

The last nine miles of the voyage is on Silver Spring Run, and the change from the dark brown water of the Ocklawaha to the crystal transparency of the Run is almost startling. The Run has a white bottom, and, though very deep, the darting fish and the waterweeds are revealed with amazing clearness. For much of the way on either side the shores are grassy levels beyond which is cypress and oak woodland. The journey ends in the diminutive lake of Silver Springs. These springs are one of the wonders of the world. They are the outlet of an underground river that daily discharges three hundred million gallons of water, and are contained in a number of limestone basins. The largest basin is about eighty-five feet deep by two hundred wide. The water rushes upward through dark fissures in the rock, keeping the beds of white sand at the bottom of the springs in constant agitation. It is hard water and not good to drink, but so clear that the bottom is distinctly visible. If you row out on the lake you marvel that such an unseeable water can support anything so substantial as the boat you are in. It seems more like atmosphere than water, and you fancy that you could walk about down below and not get wet. Every pebble and aquatic plant you glide over is

invested with prismatic brightness, and a fish near the bottom will cast a shadow when the sun is shining.

These are the most famous springs in Florida, perhaps because they are the most accessible, for there are others that are not unworthy rivals, each with some charm peculiar to itself that leaves the visitor in doubt as to which should be ranked first in beauty. There are five principal openings through which the Silver Springs issue near the spring head. Others occur at intervals along the Run. At one of them, known as "The Boneyard," about two miles down the stream, have been discovered the bones of whales and the petrified remains of a marine monster ninety feet long and five feet in diameter. Along the river are many Indian mounds that contain ornamental and useful implements of stone and copper.

Twenty miles west of Ocala is the charming Blue Spring, three hundred and fifty feet wide. It is surrounded by an amphitheater of bluffs which are covered with a fine growth of magnolia, hickory, live oak, and other trees. The stranger who looks into its clear bluish water from the bank cannot be convinced that the basin is deeper than three or four feet. A favorite pastime among the newly-arrived is to estimate the depth, and then paddle out and reach down with an oar. The actual depth is at least twenty-five feet. Much of the spring's peculiar beauty is derived from the wonderful vegetation that grows in endless variety of color and form along the rocky dykes and sand-bars



of the bottom. To float on the invisible water above those fairy bowers is an experience never to be forgotten.

The water flows away in a considerable stream that can be descended by either steam-launch or row-boat, six miles, to Dunnellon. The voyage is a series of surprises. At intervals there are deep rocky chasms through which volumes of water force their way upward, and other springs burst from the banks. Some of the latter are utilized to turn water-wheels. The lower reaches of the stream are bordered by a cypress swamp, and are frequented by garfish, turtles, and alligators.

## IV

### THE EAST COAST AND THE INDIAN RIVER

**T**HE Florida east coast is one of the most noteworthy of the world's playgrounds. Thither go tens of thousands of winter tourists every year, and thither go a host of families who have built cottages, mansions, and palaces in which they make their homes during the colder months. Such dwellings line the coast almost continuously from one end to the other.

The chief attraction is climate. The winter is mild, foggy or rainy days are exceptional, sunshine predominates, and there is sea bathing the year through. Even the summers are tolerable. They are long, to be sure, but the heat is not so extreme as one would expect, and the nights are seldom uncomfortable.

A peculiar feature of the coast is that the mainland nearly everywhere lies back of salt water lagoons and a series of narrow islands that protect it from the ocean's rude waves and wild winds, and afford for small craft an inside route of sheltered navigation. One of the few stretches of coast that abut directly on the sea is the forty miles between the mouth of the St Johns River and St. Augustine Inlet. It is an unbroken beach

forty miles long, backed by scrub-covered sandhills, and strewn with the wreckage of centuries. For walking, driving, or automobiling no roadway made by human hands can excel this superb beach during the hours when the tide is not at its highest.

But the most famous piece of Florida beach is one of similar length extending from Matanzas Inlet to Mosquito Inlet, particularly the southern half beyond Ormond. It is the hardest, smoothest, broadest beach imaginable. During the winter it is traversed by motor vehicles of all kinds, and here the racing cars break the world's speed records. It makes an ideal roadway, and this is renewed twice daily by the outgoing tide. A peculiar pleasure vehicle used on the beach is the "sand-sailer." It resembles an ice yacht on wheels. The beach is on the ocean side of a narrow peninsula that is partly clothed with hardwood forest, and partly with the ordinary beach growth of saw palmetto. On the other side is a slender shallow arm of the sea about twenty-five miles long known as the Halifax River. This is the home of billions of oysters, and on these the aborigines fed from time immemorial as is evidenced by the great heaps of shells found along the banks. Some of the heaps are miniature hills, and even though shells from the mounds have been employed in making scores of miles of roadway there has been no applicable diminution in the supply. Such mounds are distributed very evenly along the greater length of the eastern seaboard. The shells are of various sorts, but those

of oysters predominate, and mingled sparsely with the shells are bones of fish and fowl, of turtle, alligator, and deer.

That charming stream, the Tomoka River, joins the Halifax at Ormond. It affords a delightful excursion by power launch or by the daily steamer. The navigable portion winds inland for a dozen miles in long easy curves between wooded banks whence palmettos and live oaks reach out from the jungle over the water. An occasional alligator will be sighted on the shore.

A little below Ormond is another well-known resort town, Daytona, which stands on a hammock ridge that averages two miles wide and stretches southerly for sixty miles.

A short distance south of Mosquito Inlet is New Smyrna, the oldest settlement on the Atlantic coast south of St. Augustine. Here are numerous ruins attributed to the Spaniards, but concerning which nothing definite is known. Authentic history begins in 1767 when Dr. Andrew Turnbull, an English gentleman of fortune, undertook the task of draining the low hammocks back of New Smyrna and making their rich soil fit for cultivation. He organized a syndicate, procured a grant of sixty thousand acres, and then sailed to the Mediterranean where he induced a large number of families, most of them dwellers on the Spanish island of Minorca, to emigrate to Florida. In all, the colonists numbered fifteen hundred. Free

transportation, good food, and clothing were guaranteed, and if any were dissatisfied at the end of six months they were to be sent home. Those who remained and worked for three years were to receive fifty acres for each family and twenty-five acres for each child. The voyage proved long, and many died on the passage, but the survivors began work courageously. They built palmetto huts for the approaching winter and planted crops that yielded excellent returns in early spring. On one of the shell mounds Turnbull erected his "castle," which is said to have been a solid structure capable of effective defense. As soon as he made certain that the colony was secure against hunger, he planted indigo. He had three thousand acres of it in 1772.

Success seemed assured, but the management of affairs was left to agents who inaugurated a system of oppression that developed into slavery. Only two years after the colonists came, there was an insurrection on account of the severe punishments inflicted, and a number of the dissatisfied attempted to escape. They seized several small craft, fitted them out from the company's stores, and were about to embark for Havana when a detachment of English soldiers appeared and intercepted the flight. The leaders were arrested and convicted of various alleged crimes. One was found guilty of shooting a cow, an offense at that time punishable by death. Altogether five were judged to merit the death penalty, but two were pardoned,

and a third was offered clemency on condition that he act as executioner. To quote the account of one of the jurors: "Long and obstinate was the struggle in this man's mind. He repeatedly called out that he chose to die rather than be the executioner of his friends in distress. At length the entreaties of the victims themselves encouraged him to act. Now we beheld a man, thus compelled, take leave of his friends in the most moving manner, kissing them the moment before he committed them to an ignominious death."

By 1776 only six hundred of the colonists were left. They held secret meetings, and a plan was concocted for getting relief. Three of the bolder spirits obtained a leave of absence to catch turtles. But instead they tramped up the coast, swam Matanzas Inlet, and reached St. Augustine. There they appealed to the governor to protect their countrymen if they came thither. This he agreed to do, and they made their way back to New Smyrna. The able-bodied men provided themselves with wooden spears, rations were packed for three days, and with the women and children in the center the six hundred began their march. So secretly was all this managed that they had proceeded several miles before their departure was discovered. No attempt was made to forcibly detain them, and they arrived safely at St. Augustine and reported to the governor. He had them provided with food, lands were assigned them, and they were soon an influential element in the population of the



*Beside the Halifax River at New Smyrna*



*An off-look on the Indian River*



old town. Some returned later to New Smyrna where their descendants are still to be found.

The drainage canals, half overgrown trenches, and crumbling ruins of stone sugar mills and indigo vats are all that now remain of Turnbull's enterprise. For nearly a generation the place was abandoned, but at length a few pioneers made a new start, and by 1835 some degree of prosperity had been attained. Then came the Seminole War, and the inhabitants were obliged to seek safety easterly across the Hillsboro River and see their homes burned behind them. Even after the war Indian alarms continued so frequent that in 1860 barely twenty-five families were living within the present limits of the place.

With the outbreak of the Civil War, Mosquito Inlet offered a tempting haven for blockade-runners, and cotton was stored in readiness for them on what has since been known as the Cotton-shed Hammock. Two United States gunboats came to the inlet to break up the rendezvous in March, 1862. A boat expedition of forty-three men was sent to reconnoiter, The boats were fired on from an earthwork near the town, and fifteen of the men were either killed or wounded. The survivors took to cover on shore and rejoined their ships after nightfall. This rebuff did not prevent the destruction of all buildings, wharves, and the like that would be of service to blockade-runners.

On the Cotton-shed Hammock is a piece of truly magnificent woodland—live oaks, magnolias, palmettos,

sweet gums, maples, and hickories, with here and there a long-leaved pine overtopping all the rest. This wood is given a peculiar tropical character, both by the trees themselves and by the profusion of hanging moss, ferns, and vines that cling to them. The ferns completely cover the upper surface of many of the larger branches, while the huge vines twist about the trunks or are connected with the tree-tops direct from the ground. So dense are the growths on some of the Florida hammocks, that, though seldom of great extent, one can fancy himself in the midst of limitless forest. It may be well to explain that the word hammock means land whereon hard wood grows. Such a growth indicates a soil of greater depth and containing more humus than that of the flatwoods or pine-lands, and therefore more suitable for cultivation.

The region offers fine fishing, hunting, boating, and bathing, and has the added attraction of extensive orange groves. The ocean beach here is without a break for one hundred and thirty miles to the south.

Not far below New Smyrna is the north end of the Indian River, and the distance to Jupiter Inlet, its other end, is one hundred and forty miles. The most interesting fact about this river is that it is not a river at all, but a salt-water sound. This sound is superlatively safe, placid, and beautiful. It varies in width from scarcely a hundred feet at the Narrows, to eight miles, and is so straight that when one looks along it north or south, water and sky seem to meet. On

either side it is fringed by points, harbors, coves, and islands. Near the head of the river are large islands or peninsulas, and at the St. Lucie and Jupiter narrows are innumerable small islands covered with an almost impenetrable growth of mangroves and other tropical vegetation. It is separated from the ocean by a wonderfully attenuated strip of land, portions of which are only a few rods wide, and which rarely exceeds the width of a mile, and seldom rises to more than twenty feet above high water mark. This strip is barren in some places, but for the most part is covered with a sturdy forest growth that serves as a windbreak to curb the fierce gales of the Atlantic.

The river is fed by numerous fresh-water streams, so that though it is connected with the ocean by several inlets through which the tides ebb and flow, it is much less salt than the open sea. Not all the inlets are permanent. A number have opened within the memory of persons now living, and then, after a while, have closed.

Every house along the river has its own pier, and every family possesses some sort of water craft. There are sailing vessels in great variety, and power boats from tiny open launches to ambitious cabined steam yachts. The river is a great highway for the dwellers on its banks.

The mainland which borders this "streak of silver sea" is notably well suited for residence sites, and the soil is unsurpassed for the cultivation of citrus fruits

and pineapples. The pineapples hide the earth on the ridge next to the river for miles and miles with their prickly green leaves. In places the plants are under slatted sheds acres in extent. They grow from two to four feet high and each produces a single fruit amid a whorl of long stiff rough-edged sword-shaped leaves. The pineapple is a native of tropical America and is found wild in sandy maritime districts of northeastern South America. Great care is requisite in its cultivation to produce fruit that is delicate and richly flavored. Without such care it is insipid and fibrous.

The fertile belt skirting the river is comparatively narrow, and much of the country beyond is wilderness haunted by bears, panthers, wild cats, and deer, and by wild turkeys and the lesser varieties of wild-fowl. It is a swampy wilderness containing many streams and shallow lakes navigable for canoes.

When the turtles lay their eggs in the seashore sands in the spring of the year the bears resort to the beaches and devour the eggs with great gusto. Bruin will even swim across the Indian River to get at the eggs on the island shore beyond. Only the desire for these eggs will tempt the bears to venture from their hiding-places back inland, or from the almost impenetrable labyrinths of the mangrove islands. The bears have long ago learned that a man with a gun is dangerous, and they have become exceedingly shy and retiring. If the hunter wants bears he has to go after them, for they have no fancy to go after the hunter. Even when tempted



*Spanish bayonets*



*At Palm Beach on the shore of Lake Worth*

out of their wild haunts by turtle eggs they visit the shore by night and with such caution that they are seldom seen.

Eatable fish in great variety abound in the river, and there are oysters and clams, shrimp, and turtle. Besides, excellent bream and black bass fishing is to be had in the fresh water streams that enter the river from the mainland. The Florida cruiser need never go hungry, even when his supply of "boughten grub" fails, if only he has the knowledge and skill to help himself from nature's largess.

An expedition in a small boat after dark is particularly enjoyable. The water is usually highly phosphorescent then, and at times the display of nature's fireworks is quite wonderful. Multitudes of fish dash against the boat, and sometimes leap over or into it in frantic efforts to escape.

Oysters cover a considerable portion of the river bottom, and though they are often small they are unsurpassed in quality. In some places along the banks are enormous piles of the oyster shells deposited there by the Indians, who, whatever their faults, have at least given the Florida peninsula a few hills. How they must have feasted to leave such heaps of shells behind them! The red men are gone, but the oyster-beds remain, and if the winter refugees continue to flock to the region and to eat oysters freely, in the course of time the vicinity of the resorts will become a fine mountainous country. Meanwhile tourists and residents must find what com-

fort they can in such hills as the good appetite of their predecessors have already furnished.

The climate along the river from October to May is a perpetual Indian summer, seldom interrupted by storms; and most of the time there is a gentle breeze coming inland from the even tempered waters of the Gulf Stream. One proof offered of the winter blandness of the air is that frequenters of the region, both male and female, sometimes bathe the old year out and the new year in.

It is a delight merely to view the river from the shore. As you look off across the blue water from the mainland you see the islands dim in dreamy haze on the other side. Schools of fishes flash their silvery sides to the sun in the shallows; farther out frolicsome mullet leap high into the air and fall back with a resounding splash; herons large and small stand and meditate in or near the water; and cormorants, black and ungainly, sit on piles of abandoned docks for hours motionless, or, if one makes a plunge for a fish, he promptly flops back to his perch. During the winter the river is a resort for innumerable ducks. In places the surface is fairly covered by them, and a boat voyaging on the river will make flocks rise from the water every few hundred yards to travel off and settle down elsewhere. The pelican, with its big bill, awkward figure, and voracious appetite, is a familiar bird here, but lacks one essential attraction for the sportsman—its flesh is too tough and the taste too rank to be eatable.



One of the curious inhabitants of the waters, especially near the mouth of the St. Lucie River, is the manatee or sea cow. It has in part the character of a fish, and in part that of a land animal. It is warm-blooded and suckles its young, and yet lives in the water, though obliged to come to the surface every few minutes to breath. This necessity is apt to prove its undoing when a hunter is in pursuit. A full sized one is a monstrous ungainly creature that measures a dozen feet in length and weighs over a ton. It is seldom found except in or near the rivers that indent the southern coast. The vegetation that grows in the streams is its food.

You may sometimes hear beneath the water a strange low thumping sound as of the beating of a muffled drum. It is the love-song of the drum fish. These fish feed on young oysters, cockles, and crabs. They travel in schools, and several hundred of them can do an amazing amount of damage to an oyster bed. Some of them weigh as much as seventy pounds, although a third of that is more usual.

In the northern part of the river is Merritts Island, forty miles long and, at its upper end, six or seven miles broad. The country on the island has the appearance of a park, the timber being principally scattered pines interspersed with an occasional forest of palmetto, or of live oak and other hardwood timber. The island contains some of the finest and oldest of Florida orange groves.

Over on the opposite mainland is Titusville, of which

a tourist records that the following romantic and unconventional custom of hunting prevailed as recently as 1890. Every night while he was there the proprietor of one of the largest hotels, and other sensible business men, sallied out with conch horn and dogs to pursue possums in the neighboring pine woods. They started from the center of the town, and as they went on toward the outskirts the party was constantly receiving fresh recruits, who brought with them more dogs and horns, and ere long the air was thrilled with the blasts they blew as they struck the trail of a possum.

A place farther down the Indian River with a character of its own is Rockledge. The appropriateness of the name is evident when one observes that the shore for three or four miles is coralline rock that rises abruptly to a height of from six to twelve feet.

One of the most charming streams of this vicinity is the St. Lucie River with its abounding palmettos. Many of these trees are close to the water's edge, and some have lopped down till they are half submerged and furnish ideal places for rows of turtles to sun themselves. There the turtles sit in solemn silence, but when a boat comes along they plunge beneath the surface with much splashing.

The finest fishing on the coast is to be had at Jupiter Inlet. The beach on either side of the inlet is strewn with sun-dried sponges, sea-beans, cocoanuts, and numerous strange forms of animal and vegetable life brought from the tropic seas by the Gulf Stream,

whose dark waters may be seen a few miles off shore. The floating treasures are deflected to the coast by easterly gales. In this vicinity is an oyster shell mound forty feet high and a quarter of a mile long. During the Civil War adventurous blockade runners that passed out through Jupiter Inlet made flying trips to the Bermudas and the West Indies Islands. The safety with which they went and came was largely due to the fact that they had their own code of signals arranged with the inlet lighthouse people.

The next slender coast lagoon beyond the Indian River is Lake Worth, twenty-two miles long, and with an average width of a mile. It is connected with the ocean by a single shallow inlet. The normal winter temperature of the vicinity is about seventy-five degrees. The eastern shore is the favored garden region of the lake, for it is protected from ocean gales by the heavily wooded peninsula, and the marvelously rich soil fosters the growth of fruits, flowers, and vegetables. From nearly every house here a walk or trail leads across the ridge to the ocean beach, where a magnificent warm surf comes rushing in from the Gulf Stream laden with shells and marine curiosities that tempt collectors to wander for miles along the sands searching for treasures. After an easterly storm the beach is sure to be particularly interesting in its accumulation of waifs and wreckage.

Palm Beach, the best known of all Florida resorts, is on this sandy peninsula, which only a few years ago

was an almost barren waste. Now Palm Beach is a national institution with a reputation that is world-wide. It is often called the "millionaires' playground." Here is the largest hotel for tourists in existence, six stories high, and nearly a fifth of a mile long, with accommodation for two thousand people. One of the hotel's features is a corridor lined with fashionable shops. The people who throng it include not only those from every part of our own country, but, in normal times, many foreign diplomats and persons of wealth from abroad.

Palm Beach is a gem in a jungle. There are those, however, to whom the jungle is the gem rather than what man's imagination and labor have produced in a fashionable resort. Wilderness merging into the Everglades begins to the westward almost with the lake shore, and large game is found throughout the region.

The Palm Beach that human ingenuity has brought into being is a tropical paradise. Unlimited wealth has conveyed thither warm-climate trees and shrubs from the ends of the earth and set them in bewildering profusion. In January, 1879, a Spanish bark was cast away on the coast, and her cargo of cocoanuts was distributed by the waves for miles up and down the beach. Thousands of the nuts were picked up and planted with the hope, rather than the expectation, that they would grow. The planting consisted of laying the nuts on the ground in rows, in circles, singly and in groups, with the result that now the cocoa palm trees lift their graceful fronds above every roof, and line the walks and avenues of the

entire vicinity with the gray columns of their trunks, and stand in stately swaying rows along the shore. Of all the alien trees they are the most distinguished. At maturity a tree will bear two hundred nuts a year. The ungarnered nuts strew the ground and you can pick up one when you choose, beat off the husk, bore a hole in the one soft spot at the stem end of the shell, and drink the cool delicious milk. Young fruit is constantly starting, and nuts are coming to maturity and falling all through the year.

Palm Beach is essentially a society resort, and practically all the social activities are out of doors. The official day begins at eleven, when a multitude of people assemble on the beach, and everywhere are color and movement. The whirl of gayety continues until late in the night. The three months from New Years to April are the height of the season.

One of the institutions of the place is the Beach Club, famous for its restaurant, but principally for its gambling. No man under twenty-five is admitted to membership, and occasionally a person of great wealth, whom you would naturally expect to be welcomed, is rejected; but an action of this kind now and then only makes the demand for admission more insistent.

The chief place south of Palm Beach is the "Magic City," Maimi, at the mouth of a little river of the same name that flows down to the sea from the Everglades. It is on the site of old Fort Dallas, which was a considerable military post in the Seminole War, established

in 1838 and abandoned twenty years later. Miami consisted of several houses and a store in 1895. The store was essentially an Indian trading station where the Seminoles bartered alligator hides and such other trophies of their rifles as were not needed for home consumption. It was not uncommon to have two or three canoes moored to the wharf with an indefinite number of squaws and papooses on board together with a supply of fresh meat in the shape of turtles and a live pig or two. The river can be ascended in small boats to its outlet from the Everglades, about six miles from where it enters Biscayne Bay.

The bay is a lagoon protected from the ocean by numerous coral islands. A two and a half mile bridge, the longest roadway bridge in the world, connects Miami Beach with the mainland.

Occasional stretches of beach along the bay afford good walking. On one of these beaches, about a dozen miles south of Miami and a half mile north of Shoal Point, is a bed of "singing sand" that emits a musical sound under foot. Another marvel of the bay is a spring of fresh water that wells up off the southeast coast from the salty ocean. All that a thirsty mariner has to do to supply himself and his companions with drinking water, is to dip it up at this spot.

## V

### KEY WEST AND ITS SEA-GOING RAILWAY

**T**HERE are three tropical regions in the United States. One is along the Colorado River in the neighborhood of Yuma; another is in that part of Texas near the mouth of the Rio Grande; and the third, which is by far the most extensive and attractive, is the southernmost section of Florida. Especially tropical are the islands which extend in a curved line to Key West and beyond for two hundred miles through the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. These islands, or keys as they are called, are protected from the rudeness of the ocean by a line of reefs, which come close to the surface and break the force of the waves. The reefs are exceedingly dangerous to shipping, but Hawk Channel, the stretch of water between them and the keys, is the most ideal sailing ground for pleasure craft imaginable.

The islands and adjacent reefs are primarily the work of tiny soft-bodied polyps. The lime the polyps secrete forms a part of their persons, and is a kind of skeleton which they outgrow and leave behind in the shape of solid coral. In former ages these creatures worked far to the north of their present habitat. Now

they are found in Florida only at the edge of the Gulf Stream. There they are still extracting lime from the sea-water, and covering the ocean bed with a forest of branches in which all sorts of sea plants and animals become entangled and in the course of time are entombed. The workers stop building only when they reach the sea-level at low tide, and then the ocean piles up broken coral and other loose material on the reef. Some day a mangrove seedling drifts into the shallows and finds lodgment when the tide falls. Before next high water its rootlets have anchored it by penetrating the crevices of the lime rock prepared by the coral polyps. Other mangrove seedlings follow this pioneer, and in a few years the bare reef becomes a mangrove key, collecting the flotsam and jetsam of the ocean to form habitable land. When the mangroves can no longer reach salt water they die and add their quota to the rich top-dressing of the coral. After that the winds and tides and currents bring cocoanuts, pine cones, acorns, and the like. Thus, in the course of time, the key is covered with vegetation and is ready to be made the home of human beings. It is estimated that solid coral will build up at the rate of six inches a century. Another six inches will be added on exposed reefs in accumulations of material contributed by the ocean. Therefore the present outer reef, which is in water about seventy feet deep, has been seven thousand years in building.

The keys are always highest on the seaward side,



and slope gradually toward the mainland. This surface is generally less than ten feet above sea-level. Many of them are awash when there is a high spring tide, or a strong wind setting shoreward. Others, however, are capable of cultivation and make delightful sites for winter residences, well south of the frost line, and readily accessible. The surface is mostly coral rock, but in the hollows are patches of rich red soil and humus, in which fruits and vegetables grow with great luxuriance. Fully fifty of the islands are at present inhabited and productive. Many delectable things grow on the keys, but so do the weeds. One of the worst of these weeds is the grapevines. Unless a planter is industrious in fighting the predatory growths his plantation is soon overrun by their ravenous hordes.

Along the ocean side shore are coral sand, masses of broken coral fingers, shells, sponges, and drift material which has been carried hundreds of miles from the coasts of South and Central America. Floating islands from the mouths of tropical rivers are one of the strange things that drift to the keys, to be dashed to bits there by the waves and piled up on the shore. The varied flottage, including lumber and wreckage, often makes beach combing a very interesting and profitable employment.

The natives of the keys came from England by way of the Bahamas. They are called "Conchs." In the main they devote themselves to wrecking, sponging,

and fishing. When there is nothing doing on the sea they cut hardwood timber on a patch of land, and burn it. Then they plant pineapples. No fertilizer is used, and after a few years the field is abandoned and allowed to grow up again to forest. Few of the keys have roads. The people visit and go to school and to church in boats. They are very pious, but religious services are postponed if a wreck offers opportunity for profit.

Within a few years after Columbus made his first voyage across the Atlantic the Florida Keys began to levy tribute on European commerce. The inclination of the exposed trees on them shows the commonness of high winds; and so intricate are their channels, and so powerful the sweep of currents among them, that the long line of coral islands, rocks, and reefs soon earned the name of "The Martyrs." They keep up their reputation to this day, in spite of the lighthouses and beacons that now mark the channel from Biscayne Bay to the Dry Tortugas. The navigable channels and safe harbors among the islands were well known to the old-time pirates and freebooters. It is popularly supposed that the fishermen, spongers, and wreckers of to-day are also pirates when opportunity favors, and that they employ cruel and cowardly methods to lure vessels to the dreaded reefs that they may plunder the cargoes and rob the crews and passengers; but, though there are doubtless desperate characters among them, they have a wholesome fear of the revenue

service, and really do good work in saving the cargoes of stranded ships, and sometimes in floating off the vessels. When a ship runs ashore, the Conchs for miles around know of it in a mysteriously short time. If the ship is large she is soon surrounded by a solid mass of white-winged wreckers.

One of the West Indian hurricanes has been known to drive ashore no less than three hundred craft big and small. A certain wrecking-master of Key West has realized as much as a thousand dollars a day for a period of more than two weeks for his attentions to a wreck. Over half the wealth of that place is said to come directly or indirectly from wrecks.

Key Largo, the largest of the keys, is thirty miles long, and from a quarter of a mile to two miles wide. Mahogany grows in the thick tropical jungle on the island as common as maple in New York state. One peculiar tree found here is the gumbo-limbo, which will sprout after being cut into fence posts and produce vigorous trees. The houses of the natives are on the ocean side. Around them are fields of pineapples, groves of limes, and numerous cocoanut palms and banana plants.

The banana plant came originally from southern Asia, and was probably brought to America soon after the days of Columbus. It is a marvel in its prolific bearing. The fruit is very nutritious, and in some countries is the chief article of food for whole populations. It has been estimated that land sufficient to

grow wheat enough to feed one man would feed five men if devoted to bananas. A plant produces only one bunch of fruit, but there are sometimes as many three hundred bananas in a single bunch. No wonder then, that a West Indian negro with a patch of bananas no larger than a dooryard is content to live in idleness. The soft but tree-like stalk grows to a height of from ten to thirty feet, and some of the broad shining green leaves are two or three yards long. The plants put forth their first blossoms when not much more than a year old. After fruiting, the stem is cut down, but new stems sprout up from the roots. The plants will bear a slight frost, and they are occasionally cultivated as far north as Jacksonville.

In summer, when the fragrant limes are ready to pick on the keys, the mosquitoes are present in such numbers and with such a ravenous appetite for blood as language is inadequate to describe. They come by millions out of every crevice in the rocks, out of the ground, and out of mudholes and stagnant pools. When they become unbearable, the native men and women put their children, dogs, and chickens on their boats and move off to sea.

Long Key calls for special mention because of its fame as a fishing resort. Everybody there is interested in fishing, and that sport is the leading topic of conversation. Each evening they gather at the docks to inspect the catches as the boats return, and to hear the stories of the day's experience. All the fish are weighed

as they are unloaded to see whose catch is the largest, and afterward the names of the men who made the best catches are posted on a bulletin board.

The animal life of the keys and the waters in their vicinity is wonderfully varied and interesting. Fish abound, from the sea monsters that weigh hundreds of pounds down to the delicate and beautiful angel-fish and the many-colored dwellers among the mangrove roots. Turtles are taken in large numbers, many water-fowl nest along shore, and bears, wild cats, deer, and turkeys haunt the wooded keys.

It is of interest to note that on a trip from New York to the keys by rail the traveler is only two-thirds of the distance when he reaches Jacksonville. The journey from Miami to Key West is by the world's first sea-going railway, one hundred and fifty miles long, which cost upward of one hundred thousand dollars a mile. It skirts along the coast for twenty-eight miles below Miami, before it leaves land solid enough to be called mainland. Fully seventy-five miles of the track the rest of the way are over the water. The islands that are utilized by the railroad number about thirty. They may be called a series of stepping-stones. The longest stretch of track on any one island is sixteen miles on Key Largo. Whenever the water between islands was sufficiently shallow they have been united by rock abutments. Across the channels that were deep or exposed to storms arched concrete viaducts were built, or steel bridges resting on concrete piers, which are

firmly anchored to the bed rock. Some of the water spanned has a depth of more than thirty feet, and the traveler has the unique sensation of voyaging over ocean waves in a swift railway coach. The longest viaduct is seven miles between Knights Key and Little Duck Key.

While the road was being built the problem of feeding and housing the laborers was solved by establishing camps on the keys, and by constructing numerous floating dormitories which were moved forward along with the dredges, pile-drivers and other machinery. The road was begun in 1905, and the next year in October came a great hurricane that cost the lives of one hundred and thirty men. One of the two-story floating dormitories was torn from its moorings at Long Key, driven across the Hawk Channel, and smashed on a reef. Of the one hundred and forty-five men in it eighty-seven were picked up clinging to bits of wreckage. But this disaster did not prevent work being resumed as soon as the sea was calm. The first through train reached Key West in January, 1912, and went on by the huge car ferry that conveys trains direct to the Cuban capital, Havana, ninety miles distant.

Key West is eight hundred and fifty miles nearer the equator than Los Angeles, and one hundred miles nearer the equator than the southernmost part of Texas. It has twenty-five thousand inhabitants, mostly Cubans and negroes. Spanish is heard on the



*One of the viaducts of the Sea-going Railway*



*A remarkable wild fig tree at Key West*



streets more than English, and Spanish names are seen above many of the stores. The city is on a small island of the same name, commanding the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, and has been called "America's Gibraltar." The words Key West are a crude English pronunciation of the Spanish name for the island—*Cayo Hueso*. This name means Bone Island. According to tradition, the native tribes inhabiting the keys were gradually driven from one island to another by a more powerful mainland tribe until they were nearly exterminated in a final battle on Key West. The few survivors escaped to Cuba. The abundance of human bones found on the island when it was first discovered suggested its name and gave color to the story.

In 1846 the island was swept by a terrible hurricane, accompanied by an extraordinarily high tide. The sea rose ten feet above its usual level.

During the war with Mexico, Key West was brought into prominence as a military and naval station, and permanent fortifications were begun.

When Florida seceded from the Union the local Secessionists attempted to seize the place, but the commander of the fort, who had a few regulars under him, organized the workmen employed there, accepted the services of a company of citizen volunteers, and defied the Secessionists until reinforcements arrived.

The islanders were insignificant in number until 1869, when an attempted revolution in Cuba caused a migration that soon made Key West a busy manu-

facturing place. Cigar-making there dates back to 1831, but for a long time the business made slow progress. This influx of Cuban refugees stimulated it to an enormous extent, and it now employs many thousands of persons.

In March, 1886, Key West was nearly destroyed by a fire that lasted two days.

The island contains about one thousand acres. It is four and a half miles long and one mile wide. Its climate approaches very closely that of the tropics. The lowest recorded temperature is forty-one degrees. Everywhere along the streets and in the gardens are bananas; palms, and scores of other tropical growths. Notable among these is a banyan tree at the old government barracks. This is the only tree of the species growing out of doors in the United States. The banyan is remarkable for the shoots it sends down from its branches. These root and become stems, and the tree spreads in this manner over a great surface and may endure for ages. A big banyan tree in India has no less than three hundred and fifty stems equal to large oak trunks, and more than three thousand smaller ones.

Though without sewers, paving, or street-cleaning, Key West is serenely healthful, thanks to the winds and the cleansing tides. The streets are dusty, and the houses are a promiscuous jumble of mansions and hovels of all sizes, generally built of wood. They might be hopelessly commonplace were it not for their

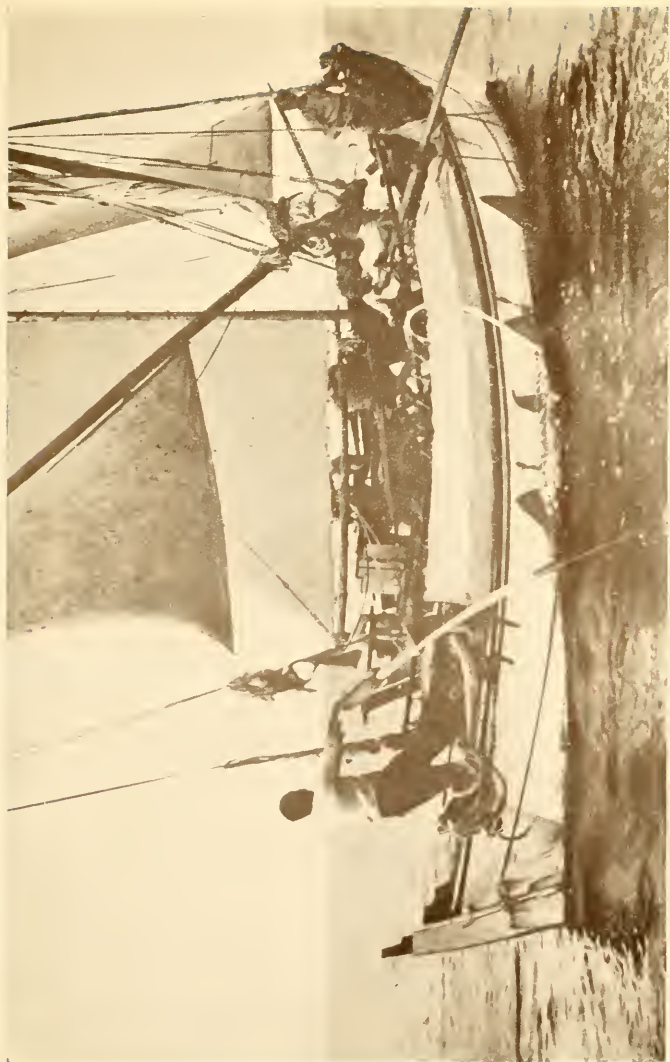


Photo by Brown Brothers

*Navigating a sponge boat*



*A street in Key West*

verandas and balconies. All roads quickly lead to the verge of the island, where you get the full benefit of the ever-blowing trade-winds and an outlook over the tropic sea. There is no public supply of water, and much of what is used is brought from the mainland by long trains of tank cars. Most houses on the other keys have cisterns, and rain water or distilled water is the chief dependence for drinking purposes.

Key West has long been an important military and naval base, and has a harbor large enough to accommodate the entire fleet of the United States navy. One of the attractions of the place is the fish wharves with their bright-colored tropical fish. A fish that is particularly common on the docks is what is known as the "grunt," a name derived from the fact that it grunts like a young pig when pulled out of the water. It is a small fish whose gaping mouth is orange within, and its tail the same color. Underneath it is white, its back is bronze, and the rest of it is light blue with numerous streaks and spots of other tints. "Grits and grunts" are the favorite foods of many of the Key Westers. At the fish market the fish are kept alive in tanks of water. When a buyer makes his selection, the dealer scoops out the fish with a net and prepares it for the frying-pan.

Adjoining the fish dock is the turtle dock, where turtles weighing two or three hundred pounds awaiting shipment are not uncommon. They are shipped alive, reposing on their backs with their flappers tied. Some

of the largest, which weigh half a ton, are said to be several hundred years old.

At another important wharf sponges are landed by the one hundred and fifty vessels of the sponge fleet, which are constantly coming and going. The vessels are mostly small schooners. Key West is a central market and shipping point for sponges, which are taken all along the reefs and far up the Gulf coast. The sponge production of American waters now greatly surpasses that of the Mediterranean, and most of the American sponge comes from either Florida or Cuba. Some sponges are secured by simply wading out in the shallows and pulling up the growths by hand. Others are obtained by going after them in boats and tearing them loose from their moorings on the rocky bottom by means of a two-tined hook. It is possible to hook them up from a depth of forty or fifty feet. But these ways of getting them have largely been abandoned for diving. The little sailing vessels generally carry a crew of eight. Two of the crew are divers who work alternately, and two are pumpers for the air apparatus. A diver can get sponges at greater depths than by the old methods and in much rougher water. He carries along a mesh bag for his catch, and this is hauled to the surface when filled. The greatest danger to which he is exposed is the man-eating sharks.

The sponges as brought to the surface are black and slimy, and contain much animal matter called "gurry." When the vessels unload, the curing process begins at



*On Loggerhead Key, Dry Tortugas*



*Young mangroves growing in a shoal near one of the Florida keys*



once. For several days the sponges are kept in pans of shallow water through which the tides flow and wash away the gurry as it decomposes. Afterward they are further cleansed by being squeezed and beaten. Then they are dried and sorted and arranged in piles for the inspection of buyers. They are usually sold to the highest bidder by the pile. To keep up the supply the government has limited the divers' fishing season, and has propagated sponges by placing cuttings in new waters. A six-inch sponge will develop in from two to four years.

The countless mangrove islands in the vicinity of Key West afford an inexhaustible field of exploration, and very good sport may be had with a fish-spear or net among the mangrove roots where all kinds of marine creatures seek a refuge. With a little practice the spearman can walk on the projecting roots and watch for an opportunity to strike his game in the shoal water below.

South of Key West is Sand Key, a small island which is nearer the tropics than any other point in the United States. A lighthouse is located on it. Farther west are two other little groups of islands, the more remote of which is the Dry Tortugas, seventy miles from Key West. Tortugas is Spanish for turtles, and the name refers to the abundance of these creatures and the dearth of fresh water there. This romantic group of ten small islands was discovered and named by Ponce de Leon in 1513. On one of the islands his

sailors, in the course of a single night, caught one hundred and seventy turtles, and might have taken many more. The most conspicuous object seen by the approaching voyager is Fort Jefferson, a massive brick structure begun in 1846 and used as a military prison during the Civil War. It has since been neglected and become dilapidated. The only inhabitants of the islands in recent years have been the army sergeant in charge, and the lighthouse keeper on Logger-head Key. There is a fine sheltered anchorage near the crumbling fortress, but it is visited only by spongers, fishermen, and wreckers, and by occasional government supply ships.

## VI

### TALLAHASSEE AND NORTHWESTERN FLORIDA

**T**HE next person after Ponce de Leon to undertake the exploration of Florida was Panfilo de Narvaez, who has been described by a contemporary as "a tall one-eyed man, with a voice deep and sonorous as though it came from a cavern." He sailed from Spain commissioned by the king to conquer and govern a province in the New World, and arrived with a company of four hundred armed men and eighty horses at one of the bays on the southwest Florida coast April 14, 1529. On the following day he landed. The Indians, who had a village in the vicinity, gave him a friendly reception, and he issued a proclamation to them announcing that the whole world belonged to the king and queen of Spain so that the Indians were their subjects. The proclamation continued in these words: "You will be compelled to accept Christianity. If you delay agreeing to what I have proposed, I will make war on you from all sides; I will obtain possession of your wives and children; I will reduce you to slavery."

This did not suit the Indians. They refused to submit to such arrogance, and hostilities followed in which the Spaniards were as barbarous as the natives.

The soldiers were sick of the sea, and it was decided that while one hundred men sailed northward in the vessels the remainder should take the horses and proceed along the coast. For fifteen days the land force wandered through the wilderness without seeing a person or a human habitation. Their scanty supply of provisions was exhausted, and they were in desperate need of food. Then they encountered some Indians, who told them of a village in the interior called Apalachee, and thither they went. The place proved to be a hamlet of forty thatched cabins where they could obtain no adequate supply of provisions. So they presently resumed their journey, constantly beset by Indians, who discharged showers of arrows from ambush. They declared that their assailants were exceedingly powerful and of gigantic stature, and that they discharged their arrows from bows that were eight feet in length.

By midsummer the Spaniards arrived at the Bay of St. Marks, where they secured an abundance of fish and oysters; but the weather was very hot, and many of them began to be prostrated with tropical fevers. No gold had been discovered, and their lot had been one of unvarying hardship. Where their vessels were they know not, and after continuing a considerable distance farther along the coast they decided to build boats in which to get away. There were no ship carpenters among them, and they lacked tools and iron, tow and rigging. But a smith of the company con-

structed bellows from deer-skins, and made nails, saws, axes, and other implements from stirrups, spurs, cross-bows, and whatever things they possessed that had iron in them. Timber was cut and hewed into shape, sails were contrived from clothing, cordage from the fiber of the palmetto and from the tails and manes of horses. By skinning the horses' legs entire, receptacles were made for water. Oars were fashioned from cedars. Every third day a horse was killed and its flesh eaten by those who worked building the boats and those who were sick. Forays into the neighboring country secured a few bushels of maize, though not without quarrels and conflicts with the Indians. Parties who went gathering shell-fish in the coves and creeks within sight of the camp were twice attacked by the savages, who slew ten of the men.

In a few weeks five boats were completed, each thirty-three feet long, and on the 22d of September a voyage was begun. About fifty men embarked in each boat. They were so crowded they could hardly move, and their weight and that of their supplies brought the gunwales to within six inches of the water. Their boats were probably launched on Choctawhatchee Bay. Thence they went on by way of Santa Rosa Inlet with the purpose to keep along the coast to Mexico. They often had to wade and push their boats in the shallow water, and they suffered much from the Indians and from cold, disease, famine, thirst, and the fury of the waves.

Two of their boats were lost before they were out of Santa Rosa Inlet, and a third was wrecked near Pensacola Bay. So desperate was their lack of food that they lived for a time on the bodies of those who died. One night, when all the men who belonged on the governor's boat had gone on shore, except De Narvaez himself, the coxswain, and a boy, a storm drove the boat to sea at midnight, and nothing more was ever heard of the three who were on it. In the end only five members of the expedition got back to civilization, and one of these was held a half dozen years as a slave by the Indians. Nor would he have been spared had it not been that he had a slight knowledge of the healing art which resulted in his being installed as a great medicine man.

The oldest place in the northwest section of the state is Pensacola. Indeed, among all of Florida towns it ranks second only to St. Augustine in hoary antiquity. Probably the first European crew to sail into its magnificent sunlit bay was that of a Spanish pilot who came thither in 1516, traded off his cargo of trinkets to the natives for silver and gold, and returned peacefully to Cuba. Other Spanish vessels visited the coast from time to time, and in 1696 the beginnings of a permanent settlement were made and a fort built on the mainland at the entrance to the bay, but the French destroyed everything in 1719. Three years later the Spaniards rebuilt the town on Santa Rosa Island near where Fort Pickens now stands. They

had there a stockaded fort, a government building, a church, and thirty or more lesser structures, all of which were swept away in 1754 by a hurricane in conjunction with a high tide, and many of the inhabitants lost their lives. The survivors settled on the northern shore of its bay, the site of the present city.

When Florida was transferred to English sovereignty in 1763 most of the Spanish in Pensacola removed to Mexico. The place as found by the English consisted of a village of forty huts thatched with palmetto leaves, and the barracks for a small garrison, round about all of which was a stockade of pine posts. The country was uncultivated. Indians were numerous, and within a few days the newcomers were visited by two hundred of them of five different nations.

Settlers began to flow in, and they brought slaves. A small fort was erected, and the surrounding forest began to give way to smiling gardens. Trade developed with the Indians as far away as Tennessee. Pack horses went out in all directions carrying goods to distant tribes and bringing back skins, honey, and dried venison. One driver usually served for ten animals, and from five to ten drivers were likely to travel together. They were generally brave and jolly fellows whose visits were welcomed.

When Florida again came under Spanish domination the prestige and prosperity of Pensacola waned. The Spaniards were somewhat hostile to the Americans in the War of 1812, and the British were permitted

to make Pensacola harbor a rendezvous for a fleet, and the town a base of supplies for hostile Indians. So in November, 1812, "Old Hickory" marched there and captured the place by storm. The Spanish commander had gotten away by water, and with some British troops and friendly Indians proceeded a short way up the Apalachicola River and constructed a fort on a bordering bluff that jutted out into the river from the east side. This fort was intended to be used as a base of operations from which the neighboring border might be depredated. After the war the British troops left the fort, but a negro named Garcia retained possession of it, with other negroes under his leadership for a garrison, and it became a strong center of defense to the large colony of runaway slaves who had settled along the river. The walls were fifteen feet high and eighteen broad. There was a swamp behind it and creeks above and below. It had nine cannon, three thousand small arms, and an amply-stored magazine. In 1816 American troops attacked it, aided by a large body of Creek Indians who were led by Mad-Tiger and other chiefs. The fort was defended by about one hundred effective men, including twenty-five Choctaws, and besides it sheltered over two hundred women and children. A battle was fought, and the task of capturing the fort would have proved a troublesome piece of work had not a lucky hot shot from a United States gunboat exploded the stronghold's magazine. This caused great slaughter and demoraliza-





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*Docks at Pensacola*



*Washing in the yard*

tion among the defenders and broke their resistance. The attackers suffered no loss whatever. Garcia and a Choctaw chief were executed after the surrender, and the runaway negroes were sent back to slavery. Property with a value of two hundred thousand dollars is said to have been recovered in the fort.

Pensacola continued to be a rallying place for filibusters, runaway slaves, and British agents, and General Andrew Jackson captured the town for a second time in 1818.

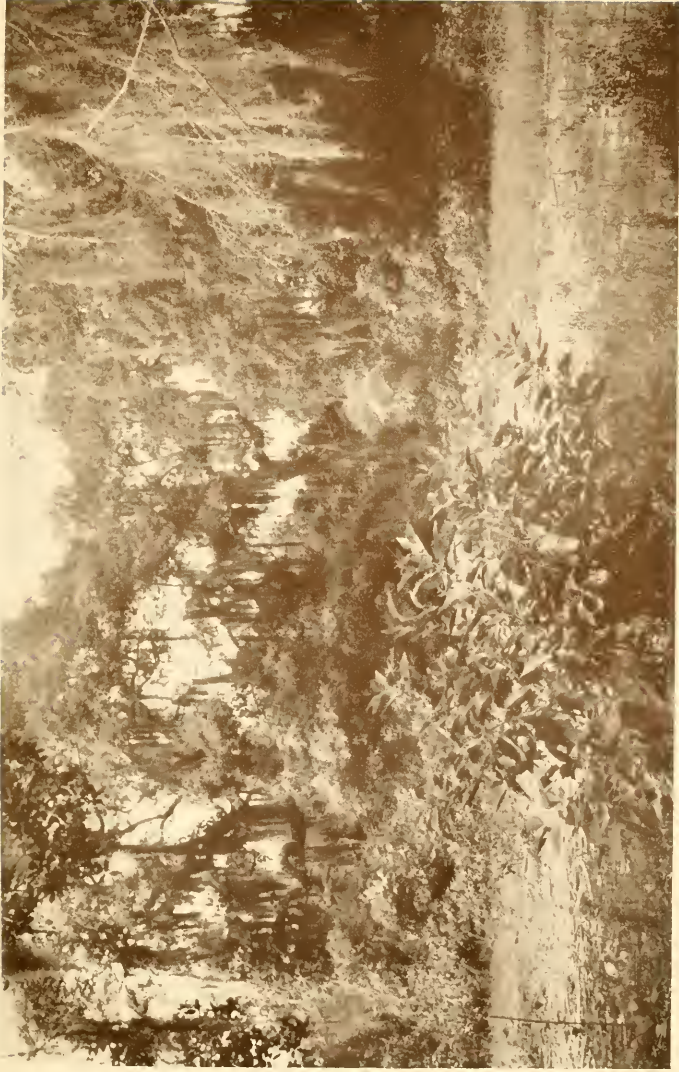
After Florida was acquired by the United States the fine harbor at Pensacola was made an important naval station, and the place became one of the leading seaports on our Gulf coast. On the morning of January 12, 1861, the surrender of the navy yard was demanded by Colonel Chase with a force of twelve hundred Confederates. The Union commander capitulated, for effective resistance was impossible. The few men stationed at the yard were mustered near the flagstaff when the Confederates marched in. William Conway, a seaman grown old in the government service, was ordered by a Union lieutenant to haul down the flag in token of surrender. The habit of obedience is strong in a man-of-war's man, but Conway used tolerably rough language toward the officer, and refused to obey the command. His loyalty under exceptionally trying circumstances was later recognized and rewarded by congress. Of course the surrender was simply slightly delayed. Another man was found

to haul down the flag, and the Confederate colors rose in its place.

Thirty-one navy yard seamen got away to Fort Pickens where they increased the force to eighty-two men. The fort was designed for a garrison of over a thousand. That evening a demand for its surrender came and was refused. The men worked all day strengthening the defenses, and at night lay by the guns on the parapet, often called to quarters by false alarms, and well-nigh exhausted. At the same time the Confederates were erecting batteries commanding the fort and its approaches. Thus things continued until the night of April 12, when a strong Union force was landed on Santa Rosa Island under cover of darkness, and Fort Pickens was saved.

About a year afterward, late one night, the Confederates abandoned their posts in the neighborhood of Pensacola, and attempted to destroy the buildings in the navy yard and other property. As soon as their design was evident the commanding officer at Fort Pickens opened fire to hasten their withdrawal. This resulted in saving some structures which the Confederates had prepared to burn, and the United States troops took prompt possession of Pensacola and extinguished the flames where possible.

Pensacola harbor is said to be the finest and safest one on the Gulf, protected as it is by Santa Rosa Island from the storms of the open water beyond. It is thirty-seven miles long, with an average width



*Woodland in northeastern Florida near Rocky Bayou*



*A drink from the Suswannee*

of three miles. Many warships are usually there at all seasons. The harbor offers delightful opportunities for boating. Pensacola itself is a stirring modern town with expanding industries and commerce. Off the wharves is likely to be a busy scene where a large fleet of vessels is loading lumber from rafts alongside. The town is a great fish market, and from here scores of boats go several hundred miles to fish near the coast of Yucatan. Pensacola is in the coldest part of Florida, yet snow seldom falls and frosts are light. Its temperature is much the same as that of southern Italy.

When De Soto made his long wandering journey in the American wilderness he spent a winter in an Indian village that was where Tallahassee now is; and a complete suit of Spanish armor has been found in recent years in a field in the vicinity. The ground on which the city is built bore signs of having been long occupied by the Indians when it was selected in 1823 as a seat of government for the new territory of Florida. Tallahassee is a name that the Seminoles applied to any land occupied by the tribe as a permanent home, and the word is equivalent to "ancestral acres."

Two commissioners were appointed to visit the region and determine on a desirable spot for the capital. One was from St. Augustine in what was then known as East Florida, and the other from Pensacola in West Florida. Both had difficult journeys through the wilderness before they met late in October. One

night that they spent with the Indians shortly afterward was enlivened by a snake dance, an annual festivity in which the savages indulged every October. Its object was to exorcise the serpents whom they would naturally encounter on the great hunting expedition that they went on immediately afterward. In one of the dances called the "mad dance" most of their gestures were remarkably martial and graceful and illustrated the fiery vigor of the Indians' character. A chief who was met two days later evinced his opposition to the commissioners proceeding farther by angrily catching up a handful of dirt and asking if that was not his land.

The Indians on Tallahassee Hill had been driven away early in 1818, and settlers from North Carolina, Virginia, and Georgia immediately took possession of it. The spot was chosen by the government commissioners because of the general beauty of the situation, and the noble growths of live oaks and magnolias. A log cabin erected on the southeast corner of the present state house grounds served for a capitol building, and there the first meeting of the Legislative Council was held.

During the peaceful prosperous years that followed Florida's admission to the Union in 1845, Tallahassee was the chief city of the state, and wealthy planters from near and far thronged there for social pleasure. They came in especially large numbers to enjoy "the season," which was when the legislature met. It was



not simply the men who came, but entire families, and there were great balls as well as great debates.

The state house is an imposing structure of brick and stucco at the brow of a hill in a grove of fine trees. This hill is one of seven that the city occupies, and the place is sometimes called the "Hill City." Another name it has acquired is the "City of Flowers." Everywhere are gardens, and the citizens are rivals in their ambition to surpass each other in the floral adorning of their home surroundings. In early spring Tallahassee becomes a veritable bower of roses, and the dignified old mansions that line its streets, often in a tangle of shrubbery and vines, and shaded by stately oaks, magnolias, and bays, are at that time particularly lovely. So abundant are the trees that the place has much the aspect of an extensive park. Tallahassee is a typical southern town—not a camp in the woods, nor an old city metamorphosed into a fashionable winter resort. Fortunately, too, it has not been commercialized by "Northern enterprise." It has about five thousand inhabitants and is compactly built so that the roads from its seven hills soon take one out into the open country.

Every market day numerous negroes from the farms troop into the city for rest and shopping. Some come in a dilapidated conveyance drawn by a mule or an ox. Negro mammies whose heads are covered with a bandanna handkerchief stand in groups on the street corners, and the men congregate here and there

to gossip while they observe the activities of the town.

In the Tallahassee cemetery is a lofty monument inscribed "Prince Murat, King of Naples," and near by is another monument that marks the last resting place of the wife of this King of Naples. Prince Murat was the oldest son of the famous marshal of France who was made ruler of Naples by Napoleon in 1805, but was deposed after a reign of ten years. The son came to America soon afterward, in early manhood, and visited nearly all the settled portions of the United States, although carriage roads and bridle-paths were then almost the only artificial lines of travel. He became so enamored of the climate and country at Tallahassee that he bought there a large estate and erected an unpretentious house, which is still known as the Murat Homestead. He took an active interest in local affairs, and served successively as postmaster, alderman, and mayor. In 1826 he married a beautiful and refined Virginia girl who was a grandniece of Washington.

Murat, though intellectually brilliant, had dubious personal habits, and was eccentric to the verge of lunacy. Several books that he wrote on political affairs in the United States were published in Paris, and one went through fifty editions. But he wasted his property, and when he died in 1847, after years of disease, through which he was faithfully tended by his wife, she was left almost penniless. The restora-

tion of the Napoleon dynasty in France, however, brought her recognition and a handsome competence from the new emperor with whom she was a great favorite.

Another European with a local estate was the Marquis de Lafayette who was granted a large tract of land east of Tallahassee in recognition of his services to the United States during the War for Independence.

The city is in the heart of a fertile agricultural section which is becoming a great livestock country. In slavery times the estates of the large planters covered thousands of acres, and their wealth enabled them to live in true baronial style. Most of the great plantations have now been subdivided and sold or let to small tenants. But the country is still a land of beauty, rising everywhere into rounded hills or dimpling into gentle valleys, jeweled with lakes, and having many a pretty stream winding through its hollows. There are frequent clusters of comfortable farm buildings, and fields of cotton, sugar-cane, tobacco, and grain, and orchards of pears and peaches. The soil has in it a good deal of clay, and the aspect of nature is distinctly different from that of the sandy country farther east and south. Here are hills that convey a sense of exhilaration. Here too are mansions and cabins, and negro men and women working in the fields. It is the old South of which one has read and dreamed.

The superlative glory of the Tallahassee country

is its wealth of live oaks. They are mighty in stature, and their age covers many spans of human life. Their great globes of richest green are seen on all the hills, virile, strong, and lordly. Clay and sand are both present in the soil, and they pack into capital roadways which require little care to keep them hard and smooth. The roads are very apt to ramble along between natural hedges of trees, vines, and shrubs carelessly intermingled. These are not dense enough to conceal the prospect, nor to shut out the breeze which "comes straight from the Gulf," but sufficient to afford welcome protection from the sun. There are long stretches of highway where the trees almost intertwine overhead, their branches adorned by beautiful mosses, ferns, and clambering vines. Portions of the road too are lined by Cherokee roses, and there is plenty of climbing scarlet honeysuckle, and thorn bushes flourish in bewildering variety. The height of the flower season is in early April.

In this region the purple martins are seen flying back and forth over the fields uttering many cheerful noises, and the cabin yards often have in one corner calabashes hung from a tall pole for the martins' accommodation. The natives encourage the martins by supplying these dangling long-necked squashes because of the protection the martins afford to the chickens by driving away hawks.

The mocking-birds are said to be more numerous in the vicinity of Tallahassee than in any other part of

the South. In their singing season you rarely fail to have one or more carolling within hearing.

This whole region is underdrained by subterranean rivers. "Sinks," caused by these streams wearing away the overlying rock so that it drops down, abound. Some are only a few feet across, and some are large enough to take in a good-sized house. The water in them may be shallow or deep, and it may be still or swift, and it sometimes plays curious pranks. Six miles northwest of Tallahassee is Lake Jackson with an average width and length of five miles. Shortly after the Charleston earthquake in August, 1886, it distinguished itself by disappearing entirely through some underground passage. Large numbers of fish perished, and for a time pestilence was dreaded by the neighboring residents. But after a few days the lake began to fill up and since that time has maintained the usual level.

Fifteen miles southerly from Tallahassee is one of the most wonderful springs in the world, the Wakulla, which sends off a full-grown river of the same name from its single outburst. Wakulla is an Indian word which means "mystery." Really the spring is an underground stream emerging from the limestone to the surface. It occupies a nearly circular basin of the rock four hundred feet across and eighty feet deep. In it grow beautiful grasses and moss, and it is full of fish. The water is thrillingly transparent. A ledge of ghostly white rock juts up for about half the dis-

tance to the surface, and from beneath this the fish come swimming as if out of the entrance to a great cave. Precipitous heavily wooded banks overhang the spring and add greatly to its charm. The water flows forth at the rate of one hundred and twenty thousand gallons a minute, and the river is two hundred and fifty feet wide at the outset. Farther on the stream attains a width of a mile, and enters the Gulf of Mexico thirteen miles from its source.

West from the capital near Marianna is Long Moss Spring, which pours out a good-sized creek with such violence that fragments of stone thrown into it will not sink. That vicinity is full of remarkable springs, caves, sinks, and natural bridges.

Southeast of Tallahassee extends a vast belt of flat woods merging into an almost impenetrable swamp and tangle of undergrowth. This is a famous hunting-ground, and somewhere in the watery jungle is the "Wakulla Volcano." The curious inquirer will meet people who have seen the smoke of the volcano nearly every day in their lives, and he will meet others who declare there is no such smoke. But it seems to be pretty well established that ever since the country was settled a column of smoke or vapor has been visible in favorable weather rising from a spot so far within the swamp that no one has ever penetrated to it. Several expeditions organized to solve the mystery were forced to turn back by the difficulties of the jungle. The Indians used to affirm that the smoke has always

risen there from the remotest times, but of its cause they knew no more than their white successors. An intelligent traveler who observed the smoke from the cupola of the courthouse at Tallahassee a few years ago says that it rolled up in strong volume, usually dense and dark like the smoke from a furnace chimney. He was assured by a resident that it was often lighted with a faint glow at night. The best informed persons whom he consulted believed it to be vapor from a boiling spring, possibly mingled with gas that occasionally ignites. One of the tributaries of the Ocilla River is distinctly higher in temperature than any of the neighboring streams, and the theory is advanced that this has its source in the supposed boiling spring.

A fort was built by the Spaniards in 1718 at Port Leon, a little way from Apalachee Bay up the St. Marks River. Ruined limestone masonry work still indicates the site two miles south of the present town of St. Marks. The first railroad in Florida was built in 1836 to connect St. Marks with Tallahassee twenty miles away. During the Civil War the river served to some extent as a refuge for blockade runners, but United States gunboats cruised up and down the coast at such short intervals that blockade running in that section was dangerous and unprofitable. In 1863 salt works of considerable extent were established along the river, and thence the Confederate States obtained much of their scanty supply of salt. These works were producing twenty-four hundred bushels daily at the

end of six months when a Federal boat expedition totally destroyed them.

Excellent shooting may be found in the passes and creeks about the mouth of the river, and excellent fishing in the deep channels of the river itself. The source of the St. Marks is supposed to be Lake Miccosukee. Its whole course may be traced by a series of sinks and occasional exposed reaches. It makes a last rise from its underground ways eighteen miles above St. Marks.

Probably the best known of all the northwestern Florida streams is the Suwannee—not because of commercial or historic importance, but because it has been immortalized in that best-loved of all plantation songs, “The Old Folks at Home.” We are told that on the east bank of the river, near Ellaville, stands the tree under whose moss-hung branches the song was written. As a matter of fact the author and composer of the song, Stephen C. Foster, never saw the Suwannee, but used the name because its rhythm suited his purpose. The river has its origin in the great Okifnokee swamp of Georgia, whence it winds its devious way southward into Florida, and so on into the Gulf.



## VII

### CENTRAL FLORIDA WITH ITS LAKES AND SPRINGS

**L**AKES abound in all parts of the state and are one of its distinctive charms. There are at least thirty thousand of them, varying in size from Okechobee to tiny lakelets with less than a hundred square feet of surface. They are particularly numerous in the central part, which has for this reason been aptly called the "Lake District." In Lake County alone there are fourteen hundred lakes large enough to have names. The county is a region of little hills and hollows, and in the hollows is water—sometimes lily ponds, sometimes lakes several miles in length.

The Florida lakes are fairly alive with fish, and furnish excellent sport for the angler. All are filled with clear fresh water, even when there is no visible inlet or outlet. But many of the streams and a large proportion of the springs are more or less impregnated with lime. Almost anywhere in the southern portion of the state good fresh water can be obtained by drilling into the soft calcareous rock to a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, sinking a pipe, and fitting a pump at the top.

On a map of Florida made about 1560 a large lake

was placed in the middle of the peninsula with a note beside it stating, "So great is this lake that one shore cannot be seen from the other." This fits very well Lake Okechobee, a name which means "Big Water." It is the largest fresh-water lake within the limits of the United States, except Lake Michigan. In shape it is nearly round, and the distance across it is about thirty-five miles. Its chief tributary is the Kissimmee River which drains millions of acres to the north. A canal and the Caloosahatchee River connect it with the Gulf of Mexico, and work has begun on four canals to the east coast. During the Seminole War it was frequently visited by scouting parties, and in 1841 a force of seamen and marines skirted its southern shore and made the first trustworthy report of its topography. Since 1865 it has been visited frequently by hunters and camping parties.

About half way between the lake and Tampa is Charlie Apopka Creek, a tributary of Peace Creek, Its extraordinary name attracts attention. Really, this name is a corruption of the Seminole name for it, which is Tsalopophohatchee, equivalent in English to "Catfish-eating Creek."

The waters of Florida present many unusual phases in characteristics as well as names. In Sumter County is the old Belton gristmill which has ground corn in the neighborhood ever since 1857. It is operated by a spring ninety-eight feet deep. The water is dammed, and the fall generates forty-five horsepower.

Within easy driving distance of Winter Park, Orange County, is Clay Spring across which strong swimmers strive in vain to pass, so powerful is the upward rush of water from a dark rock chasm.

Near Gainesville there used to be what was known as Paynes Prairie. A stream which was the outlet of Newmans Lake flowed half-way across the prairie, and then went down into an unfathomed abyss known to the Indians as Alachua, that is, "The Bottomless Pit." The vicinity of the abyss became a favorite picnic resort, and parties of visitors amused themselves by throwing in whatever they could lay their hands on, even felling large trees to see them disappear. But in 1875 Alachua refused to swallow any more, and Paynes Prairie with its thousands of acres of rich grazing land became a lake.

Farther south, near the town of Micanopy, a stream used to flow into a chasm similar to Alachua, but smaller. The owner became anxious lest the opening should get choked and his land be overflowed. So he built a curbing of logs around it. Unfortunately the curbing gave way, the passage was clogged, and Tuscan-willa Lake is the result.

Five miles north of Gainesville is the Devils Mill Hopper, a bowl-shaped depression about three acres in extent and one hundred and fifty feet deep. The sides of the bowl are covered with luxuriant vegetation, and fifteen springs break from the rock and cascade down into a pool at the bottom of the hopper.

No metals have ever been discovered in Florida. Its most valuable mineral product is phosphate. Long before the usefulness of the Florida phosphate rock as a plant food for enriching the soil was recognized it was used for the underpinning of houses and in building chimneys. In 1881 a government officer who examined some of the rock near Peace Creek realized what it was, and tried to induce capitalists in Jacksonville, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston to buy the entire valley, which they could have done for little more money than has since been invested in a single mine. But he could not persuade any one that the rock had value. What he failed to do was accomplished by a village doctor in 1889. Some phosphate was brought to this doctor at Ocala by a man living near the now famous Dunnellon mines. It had been found while boring a well. The doctor analyzed it and reported that the substance was seventy-six per cent phosphate of lime, and that if the deposit was abundant it was better than a gold mine. Within a few weeks the ten acres of poor land on which the well was located sold for ten thousand dollars. Other land was bought right and left, the whole country was aroused, and men, women, and children became prospectors for the coveted phosphate.

Florida is the greatest producer of phosphate of any region in the world. Lakeland is the state's chief center of this important fertilizer industry. The phosphate rock is found only a few feet beneath the surface

in layers from eight to twelve feet thick. The debris from one excavation is poured into an older one so that no lofty heaps of refuse accumulate. Many millions of dollars are invested in the industry in this vicinity, which produces about one-third of the world's total output.

From the Central Lake Region come more oranges and grapefruit than from any other section of the state, and these two citrus fruits are the most important products of the peninsula. It is the ambition of every new settler in the Central Lake Region to have a grapefruit and orange grove. The land between the rows of trees is generally devoted to vegetable growing and to leguminous crops for the production of hay and the improvement of the soil in adding humus and nitrogen. The young citrus trees begin to bloom in less than two years, but early fruiting is discouraged, and the blossoms are nipped off before fruit begins to form so that all the vitality goes into roots, trunks, and branches. The tree follows the variety of the seed, and when properly cared for a first crop may be expected from the seed in six years.

An orange tree is worth having merely as a flowering tree, if for nothing else. It is a bouquet of sweets. The leaping forth of the blossoms in March to gem the green leaves is almost miraculously beautiful, the air is full of the fragrance, and the ground is covered with the white shell-like petals.

The early oranges are picked in November, and from

that time onward there are oranges ripening until April. Those intended for northern shipment are picked before they are thoroughly ripe, and the distant purchaser never gets the delicious flavor of the perfect orange. In a good season the ground under the trees is covered with fallen fruit for months, and these oranges are the richest and sweetest if they have not been allowed to lie too long. The yield is marvelous, and as many as ten thousand oranges have been picked from a single tree.

The largest orange grove in the state is the Monarch Grove in Panasofpher Hammock, Sumter County. It contains seven hundred and thirty-seven acres. Some of the big oaks, hickories, magnolias, and palmettos of the hammock were not disturbed in developing the orange grove. One of the oaks measures forty-seven feet in circumference. Fifty men are required to care for the grove, and in the picking season three times that number. As many as one hundred and fourteen carloads of fruit have been sent to market from the grove in a single season. California and Florida are the two great orange producing states. The latter's crop has been about half that of California in recent years.

The sweet orange is a native of India. Thence it was originally brought by the Arabs to Europe, and came to Florida by way of Spain and the West Indies. The trees are naturally very long lived, and in Spain are some with an authenticated record of seven hundred

years. Nearly all the tropical lands of the globe have contributed to the numerous varieties now grown in Florida. Among the regions from which they have been introduced are northern Africa, the Azores, southern Europe, China, Japan, Australia, Tahiti, and Brazil.

Occasionally, when the temperature threatens to go alarmingly low, orange growers will keep fires burning in their orchards through the night in an attempt to save the crop on the trees and next year's blossoms. Cold slightly below freezing does not harm the oranges, but a really severe frost destroys fruit and bloom, and kills the trees themselves even with the ground. However, new shoots start up from the roots, with the pluck that is characteristic of this genus of trees, and if given a reasonable degree of care are bearing again in a few years. Some of the rejuvenated trees, after the big freeze of 1835, had four, five, or six trunks. The orange-orchard owners were so discouraged that many of them moved off. Fences were broken down, and the land was left an open common where wild cattle browsed and rubbed themselves on the trees. Even this treatment did not entirely overwhelm them, and a few became large and productive.

There are wild oranges as well as the cultivated ones. They grow large and handsome and juicy, and, in spite of their bitter flavor, some people find them thirst-satisfying and refreshing. The fruit is used for preserves and in the preparation of certain beverages. A clump of these wild trees growing in the very heart of a dense

dark forest, where their handsome fruit glows like lamps amid the deep green foliage, is very charming. They are often cultivated in the town streets and about homes for ornament and shade. Northern visitors are invited to help themselves freely from any of these trees in the streets and squares, and in this way frequently learn the difference between sweet and bitter oranges by practical experience.

The Spaniards brought the grapefruit to Florida, where it has been ever since neglected until comparatively recent years, yet taking care of itself with cheerful virility. People often planted a few about their houses because it grew rapidly and afforded a grateful shade, and because it was picturesquely decorative with its huge globes of yellow fruit. Few persons considered the fruit edible, but now the demand for it is enormous, and a thrifty grapefruit grove is a valuable property. In congenial surroundings a grapefruit tree will produce fruit almost beyond belief. A single tree ten years old is capable of bearing a ton of fruit, though only fifteen feet high and its trunk no more than six inches in diameter at the butt. You may find a limb the size of your wrist on which can be counted a hundred of the grapefruits. It seems a marvel that the tree can sustain the weight of them. Their name is derived, not from any resemblance to the grape in taste or size, but because they grow in similar bunches. Plucking does not usually begin until March, and by that time the beautiful white blossoms are beginning to appear. These,





*Lake Parker near Lakeland*



*Picking oranges*

combined with the yellow fruit and the thick dark foliage, make a grove singularly beautiful. The fruit is particularly delectable when plucked ripe direct from the tree, one end cut off, and the juice drank as it is set free by crushing the fruit with the hands.

“The development of Florida is due to tired Yankees going there to spend the winter, liking the country, and making investments.” Certainly, the average man who comes from the marrow-chilling, fuel-devouring rigor of the northern winter, and visits an orange grove is bewitched by the golden wealth of fruit on the trees. If it happens to be the season when the nectar-filled blooms are giving forth their perfume, he will breathe deeply of the seductive fragrance of this new realm, and become so completely captivated that the desire to possess an orange grove for his very own is uncontrollable. There is something magically compelling about a compact symmetrical orange orchard, with its dark ever-enduring foliage hanging full of ripe fruit and starred with waxy white blossoms.

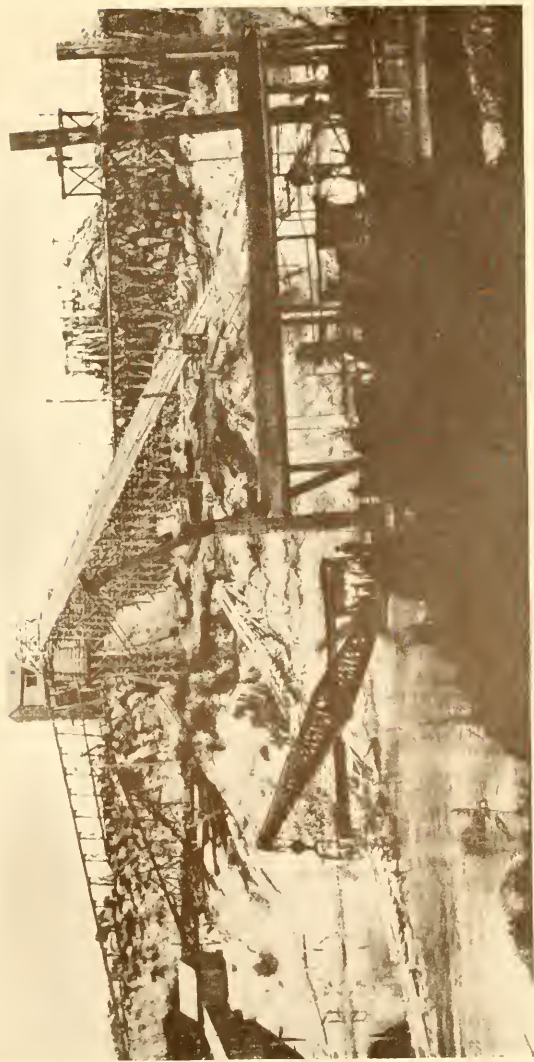
All fruits grow bountiful crops in Florida, but a man has to give thought and sweat for every dollar he makes from them. He cannot set out an orchard and then go fishing until it begins to bear. Nature will not take care of it. Success in fruit requires an investment of money, and it requires skill, good judgment, labor, watchfulness, and the patience to wait. Better not fool with fruit unless you are willing to go at it right. A hit or miss orchard will not be a success. Moreover,

quality and honesty are essential. A market cannot be built up by shipping an inferior product, nor by any best-fruit-on-top device. The orange-grower may attain an independent life of ease and culture and a home that combines many attractions, but to do so he must make a scientific study of the industry, and have enough money to enable him to tide over the half-dozen years before his newly-started grove will come into bearing.

Florida soil and sunshine work all the year round, and truck farming is a continuous performance. If one crop fails the farmer does not have to wait until the next year. He can at once start a new crop.

Lettuce and celery are planted in the fall and are ready for the early winter market. After they are harvested the same land is planted to corn, sweet potatoes, or some such field crops, and these are stored or sent to market the latter part of the summer. The same soil will yield a crop of native grass which is cut for hay in the fall, and afterward the land is made ready for another planting of vegetables. In many sections irrigation is easily provided by simply boring down from ten to twenty feet, where you strike water that will gush up in a flowing well.

You may hear of a profit of two thousand dollars an acre from some of the crops marketed in the winter; and the story is told of one man who built an enormous hotel from a single crop of tomatoes. But if there happens to be one severely cold night, that season's



*A phosphate mine*



*Ready to start for market*

crop may be ruined. Another unlucky possibility is a low price that does not pay expenses.

Some of the produce raised in Florida is drawn long distances to the railroads. A team of eight runt oxen of range cattle breed will come across the barrens a distance of thirty miles drawing a creaking wagon laden with boxes of oranges and grapefruit. They return with a load of groceries and other supplies. Six days are required for the round trip. You can hear the approaching team long before you see it. The driver carries a six foot whipstock with a lash twice its length that will reach the foremost yoke of oxen while he walks beside the cart. When he snaps the whip it gives off a noise like the discharge of a pistol. From the crack of his whip the Southern woodsman gets the name of "cracker," a name which is applied indiscriminately to all natives whether drivers of oxen or not.

Among the crackers are found families whose manner of living is astonishingly primitive. They dispense with many things that most of us consider necessities, while the luxuries which a household enjoys might be summed up in one word—tobacco. The shingles of the roof are apt to be curled and warped under cushions of green moss, and they are almost hidden during the rainy season by a soft growth of tree-ferns. The walls are of logs, and the spaces between the logs are chinked with mud. Often there is no window. Instead, the door stands open and lets a patch of sun-

shine fall on the earthen floor. If the day is rainy and the door is shut, sleeping is the natural resource of the inmates of the dwelling. The floor is higher in the center so that the rain dripping through the broken roof may not stand in pools about the inmates' feet. For such weather the logs burning in the big fireplace give some relief. The fire, at least, is cheerful with its leaping flames, its snappings, and its hissings of sap. The wide hearth is at one end of the single room, which is the whole house, except for the loft above.

The chimney is on the outside. It is built of mud, and is girdled by barrel hoops or ropes, which were put around it as a support while the mud was wet. As time goes on, the heat within drying the mud usually makes the chimney lean away from the wall. In fair weather the crackers cook out of doors for the most part. Near the cabin a fire is built between three great stones which serve as supports for kettles.

The people are shy and somewhat suspicious of strangers. When questioned they glance downward and sideways with anxious embarrassment.

Their schools and school buildings are no less primitive than their dwellings. One Florida sojourner has told of "Old Man Monson," who, as a person of property and character, was on the school board, although he had no tincture of learning. He was once greatly incensed over a mutiny of young crackers at the district school, and rode to the scene of it, shotgun in hand, to quell the disturbance.





*A Kissimmee Valley prairie*



*A rustic well*

"I found dey'd turned de teacher out o' do's!" he reported afterward. "Dere dey was—a shootin' an' a-hollerin' des like a passil o' heathen. Hit was de low-downest t'ing I ever see.

"I went to de do' an' tol' 'em dey better open it, ef dey did'nt want to have it blowed open wi' buck-shot. Dey opened it den mighty quick; an' when I went in, dere dey was a-settin' as cool as you please, like dey hadn't done no devilment 'tall.

"I looked round at 'em fer a w'ile, an' den I done tol' 'em what I thought. I said dey ought to be plumb 'shamed o' deirselves. I said I wasn't a-gwine to stand no sich goin's on. I tol' 'em me an' all de rest o' de settlement done paid money to have 'em a teacher—an' here dey was a-runnin' her off like a nigger.

"I said dey wasn't no 'count, an' dey wouldn' be no 'count ef dey was a-gwine to do like dat. I tol' 'em dey got to do diff'rent. I said hit was de hardest kind o' work to git a teacher to come here in de woods—an' dis totin' revolvers to school an' shootin' holes in de blackbo'd, an' bustin' de winders, an' spittin' ter-backer on de flo' was 'nuff to disgust any respectable woman. I said she done right to object to it, an' ef any of 'em tuk to devilin' her again dey'd have to be dispelled from school. Dat's what I tol' 'em."

There is complaint on the Florida farms of the scarcity of help, just as there is in other parts of the country. One farmer who tried to hire a native re-

ceived this reply: "What for should I work? Hit don't cost me but thirty-five dollars a year to live, and I've got forty dollars."

The only things an average backwoods native has to buy are pepper, salt, and tobacco. Except for these the country produces all he needs in the way of food, clothing, and housing. Nowhere is the lure to be shiftless stronger.

## VIII

### THE WEST COAST

**W**HEN the Spaniards conquered Florida they found larger and more flourishing native villages on the west coast than anywhere else. The healthfulness of the situation, its freedom from fogs, the shallow and placid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, the abundance of game, and the ease of obtaining fish and oysters lent it an attraction that it has by no means lost since. Weather conditions are certainly more equable than on the Atlantic coast, and raw easterly winds are unknown. At Cedar Keys, for instance, the climate is declared to be simply warm summer when the North has winter, and warmer summer when the North has summer. The town of Cedar Keys has a good harbor, and thrives on fishing, turtling, sponging, and preparing red cedar for use in manufacturing lead pencils. It is on a key that is surrounded by scores of others, many of which have the appearance of being a clump of palms arranged like a tasteful bouquet, and placed in the sea to keep fresh.

One of the characteristic plants of the keys is the Spanish bayonet. It develops palm-like from a terminal bud, and when mature is eight or ten feet high

with a trunk three or four inches in diameter. The stout leaves are very rigid and sharp-pointed. A man might be seriously stabbed by one of them. Woe to the luckless wanderer who attempts to force his way through an armed Florida jungle after dark. Vegetable cats of many species will rob him of his clothes and claw his flesh, dwarf palmettos will saw his bones, and the bayonets will glide to his joints and marrow.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Cedar Keys was a convenient harbor for blockade-runners, but in January, 1862, the Federals made a descent on it when there were seven vessels in the harbor loaded with cotton and turpentine waiting favorable weather to run the blockade. These vessels and their cargoes were burned, as were also the wharves and rolling stock of the railroad. The exposed position of the place left it at the mercy of the United States cruisers which occasionally visited it, and blockade-running was not revived.

Farther down the coast is Homosassa, known and loved by two generations of fishermen. Another fifty miles takes one to Tarpon Springs, the "Venice of the South." A study of the topography of the place and that of the adjacent territory shows the appropriateness of the title. Never was a city more prettily set in the midst of a network of bayous. Its name is derived from a great spring in a bayou whose limpid waters are a favorite place for the tarpon to disport themselves.

The largest sponge fisheries in the world make Tarpon Springs their port. The industry is carried on by Greeks who go out in the Gulf ten to twenty miles from shore, in water that varies from a score to six score feet in depth, and, clad in diving suits, get the sponges from the rocks and coral reefs. They have about two hundred vessels of from five to one hundred tons burden. The Greeks nearly all dwell in a community of their own at the northern limits of the city. Many of the people are out on the sponge vessels most of the time. The industry brings about a million dollars a year to the place.

There are no better or safer cruising grounds than the waters in the vicinity of Tarpon Springs, and there is no better bathing than on the Gulf beaches. Near at hand are a number of delightful islands with picturesque tropical growths that make the finest of camping and picnic grounds. A trip up the Anclote River, which joins the Gulf on the borders of the city, offers such attractions that nearly every day throughout the entire winter excursion parties come to Tarpon Springs from other West Coast towns to take this river trip. The stream is deep, and a good current keeps it clean, and it is charmingly crooked. Its banks are generally high; and the tropical jungle which lines them, and the alligators that may be seen basking in the sun, make a romantic setting that thrills the visitor with delight. The beauty of the river increases the farther up one goes, until the branches of the bordering trees,

with their adornment of airplants and of yellow jasmine and other vines, meet overhead.

Two miles north of this river is Trouble Creek, along the shores of which is an outcrop of blue flint rock. The banks of the stream show abundant evidence of having been occupied by Indian makers of arrowheads and other implements of flint.

A few miles more to the north is the Pithlachascootee River, the rocky shores of which are densely overgrown with palmettos. There is excellent fishing in the stream, and on the reefs near its mouth splendid oysters are obtained. The country neighboring the river and for a hundred miles up the coast furnishes as good hunting as can be found in the state. Quail, ducks, deer, and wild turkeys frequent the wilds, and occasionally a bear or catamount can be found.

Florida's most important commercial city on the Gulf coast is Tampa. It is on a point of land at the head of the eastern arm of Tampa Bay, near where Fort Brooke was established in 1821 immediately after Florida was acquired by the United States. The site of the fort, the old barracks of which are still standing, is now a public park. Within the park limits are the remains of several aboriginal mounds, the largest of which is about one hundred feet across and seven to nine feet high. Split and charred bones found there by the United States troops when they first occupied the locality were suggestive of cannibalism on the part of the mound-builders.



Until after the Seminole War, Tampa was almost the only place on the Gulf coast of the peninsula where a white man could live in security. Even there, safety was only secured by the presence of a strong garrison. All supplies for the interior posts had to be hauled under escort over the military roads that led north and east.

In November, 1862, Tampa was shelled by United States gunboats to dislodge the small Confederate garrison, and during the rest of the war an occasional visit from a Union gunboat sufficed to prevent the place being made a harbor for blockade runners.

The city has many cigar factories, the workers in which live in a section known as "Little Havana." Here dwell about twenty-five thousand Cubans and Spaniards who use their native language, and have established a typical Cuban city on American soil.

Eight miles south is the port from which the ocean steamers sail. A wharf nearly a mile long runs out into the bay to reach deep water. At its end is a unique hotel where one may fish from the veranda, and you easily fancy yourself on shipboard.

At Indian Hill, a score of miles southeast of Tampa, are enormous shell heaps, some of which are eight hundred feet long and twenty or thirty feet high, and are visible several miles at sea. These shell mounds are found in many parts of Florida. They are supposed to be the natural accumulation of waste material in the vicinity of an Indian camp. When a campsite

had been chosen the savages would gather around a fire made on the ground to do their cooking and eating from day to day. They would toss the shells and bones behind them, and presently a circular bank of shells would be formed around the fire, and the central space would be so inconvenient that the fire would be shifted to the top of the bank, and the process repeated. Indeed, the remains of such successive fires with dark burnt shells and fragments of pottery have been found in the mounds. Any one who has camped for a few days near a Florida oyster-bed must have noticed the phenomenal rapidity with which the piles of shells increase. The Indians, who lived mainly by fishing and hunting must have heaped up the waste still faster.

A popular West Coast resort is St. Petersburg near the tip of the peninsula which separates Tampa Bay on the west from the Gulf of Mexico. It has a character of its own due to the fact that it does not cater to fashion and frivolity, but attracts people who seek quiet and rest. The inhabitants call it the "Sunshine City." A St. Petersburg newspaper has gained a great deal of notoriety by offering free its entire edition on every day that the sun fails to shine. Then the newsboys pass the papers to any persons who will accept them; but the sunless days do not average more than half a dozen in a year.

St. Petersburg claims to be the greatest salt-water fishing center of the eastern coast of the United States. The neighboring waters teem with the various game



*The Greek sponge fleet at Tarpon Springs*



*A Bellair bridge*

fish, and excellent fishing may be enjoyed in the vicinity the year around, but the best months for tarpon, the most notable of all game fish in the sea, are April and May. The city has its Tarpon Club, the president of which is the person who has caught the heaviest tarpon during the previous tournament season.

The natural home of the tarpon, or "Silver King" as it is also called, is the Gulf of Mexico, and it is essentially a tropical fish, though stray specimens have been found as far north as Cape Cod, and they are fairly abundant on some parts of the Florida east coast. Adult specimens often exceed six feet in length. They rarely weigh more than two hundred pounds, but some have been caught which were twice that heavy. It is herring-like in shape and general appearance, with an enormous mouth and large fierce eyes. Its glistening silvery scales are sometimes three inches across. The tarpon travel in schools varying from five to a hundred, and may be seen in the shoal water where they feed prowling about and stirring up the muddy bottom.

Only since 1885 has the tarpon been recognized as a game fish. Before that they were sometimes harpooned or taken in a seine, but their great size, strength, and agility enabled them to defy most devices for their capture. The performance of a tarpon is so picturesque and thrilling that anglers come from all over the world to try their hands at catching this marvelous game fish. It is so wonderfully acrobatic that it some-

times leaps entirely over a boat. Etiquette prescribes that after a tarpon is hooked, other boats near by shall up anchor and keep out of the way. The struggle to secure it may last for hours, and experienced fishermen say that the protracted excitement of landing a tarpon far exceeds that afforded by the salmon, hitherto considered the monarch of game fishes. As soon as it takes the bait it begins a series of leaps, striving to shake itself clear of hook and line. It is said to be capable of making a horizontal leap of twenty or thirty feet. If you are in a small boat and the fish is large you may be capsized. You are likely to have sore fingers, and will possibly lose a finger-nail before the tarpon can be brought alongside and gaffed. The flesh is only moderately good for eating, and usually, after capture, the tarpon is turned back into the water. Such is the exertion of catching one that some men are so exhausted and unnerved they will never fish for them again, but most are anxious for another tussle.

Interesting places abound in the vicinity of Tampa Bay; and farther south are many more, including Manatee amid its orange groves, and Sarasota with its shell beaches and fine bathing. At Sarasota in one recent year the thermometer registered exactly the same on July 4th, Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas. A famous resort for sportsmen is Charlotte Harbor which offers "the best tarpon fishing in the world." Besides tarpon, its angling possibilities include the



*An exciting moment in catching a tarpon*



*A schoolhouse in Lee County*



catching of a ladyfish that weighs six pounds, a snook that weighs twelve pounds, a mackerel shark that weighs seventy-five pounds, and a kingfish that weighs fifty pounds.

The ladyfish is "the quickest thing that swims." The voracious snook takes both spoon and bait, and jumps clear of the water. It is a vicious fighter. But perhaps none of the finny tribe is more spectacular than the game kingfish. It will jump from five to twenty feet in the air with the bait in its mouth, and hits the water with a rush that is hard to stop. Whenever you go out in a boat here with hook and line you do well to take along a harpoon in order to be ready for sharks, turtles, porpoises, and devil fish.

It is considered probable that Cordova discovered Charlotte Harbor in 1517, and that he landed there to hunt slaves. But he was so warmly received by the natives that his stay was short.

Down on the Caloosahatchee River is Fort Myers, nestling in the shade of its cocoa palms. Here are the largest grapefruit groves in the world; and here the inventor, Edison, has a winter home. Fort Myers is the outfitting point for cruises down the coast into the bird-haunted labyrinths of the Ten Thousand Islands.

Among these islands you thread your way by a network of rivers that divide and subdivide into creeks, which often will give passage only to skiffs. Even then you may have to clear a course with knives through vines and overhanging branches. In some

places are hundreds of tiny mangrove islands in each square mile amid the shallow channels.

Population in this remote southwestern section of Florida is almost non-existent. Court justice is considered too expensive and uncertain for such a region, and the people are largely left to settle their own quarrels. Many deserters from the Confederate service and refugees resorted to the Ten Thousand Islands during the Civil War. Since then there has never been a time when the islands were not an asylum for moonshiners, murderers, chain-gang criminals, and smugglers. You find men who turn away their faces when they meet you, and who refuse to tell you their names. These outcasts trap otters, and shoot alligators and plume-birds. They sell the skins through the Indians, or to dealers who go to them secretly. Sometimes they kill one another in a quarrel over a bird rookery.

Occasionally there may be seen in the wilderness a modest shack surrounded by a field of sugar cane. The crop is likely to be used in distilling illicit whisky. Hunters and outlaws come to imbibe the liquor, and so do the Indians. An Indian will bring his family and camp for weeks in one gloriously prolonged drunk, which wipes out the product of a season's shooting and trapping. Latterly the Indian has learned to make fire water for himself in crude stills which he constructs from old iron cans and pipes.

One of the most picturesque characters of this wilderness was a man named Wilson. A Key West sheriff

who went to his plantation to arrest him was promptly disarmed and set to work in the canefield. Two days later he was released and his gun was restored to him unloaded. He went away with professions of friendship for his host. When he arrived at Key West he reported that Mr. Wilson was the only man on the coast who was doing anything, and that he ought to be let alone.

Much of the southern end of the Florida mainland, as well as the Ten Thousand Islands, has been chiefly built with soil rescued from the water by the red mangrove, a tree curiously adapted for the purpose. The mangrove's dark evergreen foliage and its countless exposed roots, somber red in color, hem in all the islands, and border the bays and water-courses of the region almost universally. It puts forth a few flowers throughout the year, but covers itself with yellow blossoms at midsummer. The seeds germinate while the fruit is still on the tree, and not until eight months after blossom time are they prepared to leave the parent stem. Then they have attained a length of from six to eighteen inches, and have so weakened the supporting fibers, as they sway in the breezes, that they break loose. Many of these miniature trees drop straight down into the shallow water below. There they attach themselves firmly to the soil, and soon a flourishing young family is established under the parent tree.

Myriads of other seedlings drift away to found

colonies on the first bank to which current, wind, or tide may chance to bear them. The waters at this season are filled with the pioneer mangroves. Nature so ballasts the little craft that they float upright, and when left by the receding tide on a bank or shoal, the roots get a grip, the leaves unfold, and the process of forming a new island, or of extending an old shore line, is begun. Sometimes a single tree starts alone, and sometimes a thousand commence housekeeping together. As the trunk grows, the lower portion dies away leaving the tree supported by the stilt-like roots that sprout from stem and branches. The mangrove, anchored by these aerial roots, holds the shifting sands or unstable mud, and gathers more. A single tree, separate from companions, resembles an ungainly centipede of gigantic proportions. So freely do the roots subdivide, extend, and interlace that they form a dense jungle which is almost impassable to human beings. But panthers glide gracefully through it, and it does not seriously impede the passage of the bear, nor even that of the antlered deer.

The wood was for a long time accounted worthless. It is not even fit for fuel. A fire is more likely to be put out than encouraged by it. Recently, however, the bark has been found to be rich in tannin, and camps have been established to exploit its possibilities in this line.

Oysters flourish among the roots that reach down into the shallows, and cling to them in great bunches,

many of which weigh as much as fifty pounds. Reefs of oysters form beneath the trees and do their part in the developing of new land. At length the ground is lifted above the tides, and cypress trees begin to flourish in it. The years pass on, and portions of the swamp develop into knolls or "hammocks" on which grow gnarled live oaks, stately pines, royal palms, and fragrant magnolias.

## IX

### THE SEMINOLES

**T**HE native inhabitants of Florida were originally largely agricultural, but they were also bold navigators and brave warriors. There were several confederacies in the peninsula, and these were often at war with each other. All the early explorers speak admiringly of the native Floridians. They were of large stature, light olive brown in color, and given to tattooing their skins. They were very intelligent, and often possessed courteous dignified manners. At first they were disposed to be friendly to Europeans, but they naturally resented attempts at conquest, and proved their courage on many a hard-fought field.

Early in the eighteenth century serious dissensions arose among the Indians of Alabama, and a strong party seceded and invaded the northern central section of Florida. There they subjugated the surrounding tribes, whose strength had been broken by the Spanish scourge, and they became known as Seminoles, which means outlaws. Other northern tribes followed their example, and within a hundred years the Seminoles had overrun the state, and the native Floridians had disappeared or intermarried to an extent that left few traces of their existence.

Toward the end of the Spanish dominion the mixed tribes of Seminoles, Creeks, and runaway negroes began to commit depredations on the frontiers of Alabama and Georgia. No redress could be obtained from the Spanish authorities, and at length United States troops carried the war into Florida. When General Jackson led an expedition against the Seminoles in 1818 he discovered at Miccosukee "three hundred scalps of men, women, and children, most of them fresh." In this foray Jackson severely punished the Indians, hung their chiefs, and even executed two Englishmen who were supposed to be instigating the savages and supplying them with munitions of war.

The Florida country was particularly well suited to the Indians. It was well watered, and abounded with game. By selling the skins of the deer, the bear, the panther, and the wolf to traders they were able to get clothing and other necessaries. They had roamed in the peninsula from the remotest period in untrammelled freedom, Spain had established only a few settlements, none of which was far from the coast, and had exercised little or no authority over the Indians. But no sooner had Florida been ceded to the United States than the aggressive lawless elements of the then frontier states of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi went in to possess the land. They had been doing this in an underhand way for a generation. The new settlers showed little respect for the boundaries of those sections which belonged to the Indians, and the rich agricultural capa-

bilities of the territory caused the demand to wax urgent that the Indians be removed, for they occupied some of the best lands.

Another source of irritation was the fact that the wilds of the peninsula lured fugitive slaves from the Southern states. The Seminoles harbored these slaves and would neither return them to their owners nor permit the owners to come and get them. Some of the fugitives intermarried with their protectors, and such bonds were established between the two races that the Indians would not make any treaty which did not provide protection for their negro companions.

For a long time the black men and red lived together contentedly with all their simple wants well supplied. At length, however, men from the states to the north came with chains and bloodhounds to catch the runaway slaves, and they not only carried off the negroes, but stole the Indians' horses and cattle, and committed other depredations, which in the end led to open hostilities. At that time the Seminoles numbered about four thousand, and nearly a thousand negroes were associated with them. They had scattered plantations and villages throughout the territory.

In the course of many "talks" a proposition was made to the Indians by the United States offering strong inducements to go West, and a treaty was made at Paynes Landing on the Ocklawaha River in May, 1832, whereby it was agreed that a delegation of Seminole leaders should visit the proposed tribal reservation in



Arkansas. The members of the delegation spent several months there, and when they returned they told the government officials that Arkansas was a land where snow covered the ground, and frosts chilled the bodies of men. "We are not willing to go," they said. "You would send us among bad Indians, with whom we could never be at rest. We are happy here. If we are torn from these forests our heartstrings will snap."

Nevertheless, by a system of coercion, fifteen chiefs were induced to make their cross-marks on a paper agreeing to emigrate, and the United States sent troops to compel the removal. At once the Indians began to gather their crops, remove the squaws and children to places of safety, and prepare for battle. Guns and much powder and bullets were obtained from Cuban fishing smacks in exchange for furs. The Indians made flour from the roasted acorns of the live oaks, and the palmetto trees supplied them with cabbage. The woods were full of meat. There were deer and bear, and an abundance of smaller game such as wild turkey, turtle, and squirrel.

A portion of the Indians would have avoided trouble with the government by migrating, but the large majority opposed the plan. All the negroes among the Seminoles were against it, and some of them were very prominent in the councils of the savages. In the opposition party was that notable chief, Osceola, whose name means Rising Sun. He was exceedingly violent in his denunciation of the project. His mother belonged to

the Red Stick tribe, a branch of the Creeks. She married an Englishman, who was a trader among the Indians. Osceola was born in Georgia on the Tallapoosa River about 1800. When he was eight years old a quarrel among the Creeks resulted in his mother's taking him off with her to the Okefinokee Swamp.

In 1818, when General Jackson was invading Florida in his warfare on the Seminoles, Osceola retreated with a small party south as far as Peace Creek, where he settled. A few years afterward he moved to the Big Swamp in the neighborhood of Fort King, now Ocala. He married a squaw, one of whose ancestors was a fugitive slave, and one day, when the young warrior and his wife visited the trading post of the fort to buy supplies, she was seized and carried off into slavery. Osceola, wild with rage and grief, made strenuous but unsuccessful attempts to rescue her.

He was a man of fine figure and splendid physique. His head was always encircled by a blue turban surmounted with waving black eagle plumes, and about his waist he wore a red sash. He had a natural gift of eloquence like most of his race.

When General Wiley Thompson, the Indian agent at Fort King, reminded Osceola that the Seminoles had promised to leave for the West, and ordered him to sign the emigration list, the young chief pretended to be about to make his mark on the treaty, but instead stuck his knife through it. For this act of contempt he was manacled and confined in the fort. But



*An Everglades Indian in his dugout*



*The Tomoka River near Ormond*

when he presently promised to bring thither one hundred warriors to sign the paper the irons were removed, and he was set free. At once he collected a strong force armed with knives and rifles, and supplied with plenty of ammunition.

The first definite demonstration of hostility in the Seminole War occurred in June, 1835, when some whites discovered a party of five Indians a long distance outside their boundaries butchering a beef, and disarmed and flogged them. Two Indian hunters came up and fired on the whites, and when the skirmish ended two Indians had been killed, and three white men wounded, one of them fatally. A few weeks later a dispatch rider carrying mail from Fort Brooke, now Tampa, to Fort King was killed and his body sunk in a pond. Next an old chief who had started preparations to emigrate, and had gathered his cattle to sell them, was met on the trail to his village by Osceola and a party of Miccosukies and shot down.

Afterward Osceola with twenty of his boldest warriors went to wreak vengeance on General Thompson. He lingered in the neighborhood of the Indian agency at Fort King seven days waiting for a favorable opportunity. That opportunity came on December 28th, when the general and a lieutenant enjoying their after dinner cigars were walking toward the sutler's store about a mile from the fort. The Indians fired, and the two men fell dead. Thompson was hit by fourteen bullets. The Seminoles proceeded to the

store where they shot five more whites, stole what they could carry away, and set fire to the building. The garrison at the fort numbered only forty-six, and they deemed it imprudent to sally forth against a force of Indians which they fancied was far larger than their own.

That same day a much more serious massacre occurred about fifty miles farther south. On the 24th of the month one hundred and ten United States Regulars, with a six pounder and a light wagon containing ten days' provisions, left Fort Brooke on Tampa Bay to reënforce Fort King. They did not know that hostilities had actually begun, and no precautions were taken to guard against ambuscade, except marching with loaded guns. At ten o'clock on the morning of the 28th, as they were going along the military road not far from the Wahoo Swamp and the Withlacoochee River in a broad expanse of grassy open pine woods, a withering fire was suddenly delivered by a large party of nearly two hundred Indians concealed only a few rods away in the scrub palmetto that skirted the road. The savages were headed by a chief named Jumper, often called "the lawyer," who had appealed to all the warriors to join him, if they were not cowards. General Jackson had offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the capture of Jumper. Nearly half the whites, including the commander, Major Dade, fell at the first volley, and the column was thrown into confusion. But the survivors promptly rallied, fired

five or six rounds from the six-pounder, and drove the foe from the palmetto thicket over a ridge with their bayonets. Then they cut down pine trees and made a low triangular breastwork. Behind this they all lay down, when the Indians renewed their attack after a respite of less than an hour, and loaded and fired as best they could. The savages persisted in the assault until the last man behind the barricade had fallen. That night they returned to the Wahoo Swamp with the bloody scalps of their victims. They gave the scalps to their medicine man, who placed them on a pole ten feet high, around which the warriors danced after smearing their faces with the blood of their foes and drinking freely of fire-water.

Only two persons in the government force were not slaughtered. One of these was a wounded soldier who bribed an Indian to spare him, and after hiding in the palmetto scrub until the enemy was gone, crawled on his hands and knees a distance of sixty miles to Fort Brooke. The other was a negro slave who served the whites as a guide, and who was the only unwounded person in the command. He is supposed to have known the time and place at which the attack was to be made, and to have separated himself from the troops beforehand. As soon as the firing began he joined the Indians and aided them in the massacre. For long afterward he was the steady companion of Coacoochee (in English the name means Wild Cat), one of the most warlike of the Seminole chiefs, and

he was still Wild Cat's companion when that chief took up a forced abode in the West.

Fort Brooke learned of the massacre a few days after the event through the wounded soldier, but the garrison was not strong enough to venture out. The news did not reach Fort King until February. A force from there visited the scene of the tragedy on the 20th of that month. They first saw some broken and scattered boxes, then a cart, and the two oxen which had drawn it lying dead with their yokes still on them. About thirty bodies of the dead whites lay behind the breastwork, every man evidently where he had been shot dead at his post. Beyond the breastwork were other bodies, most of them scattered. The remains of the victims were buried on the spot, but in 1842 were removed to the military burial-ground in St. Augustine.

This massacre astounded the country. No such event had ever before occurred in the annals of Indian warfare. It seemed incomprehensible that two entire companies of trained soldiers fully armed and bravely officered should be annihilated by a not very numerous band of half naked savages.

The Indians quickly overran the country, and the long and bloody war began in earnest. Early in 1837 arrangements were made with them for their removal, and a large number assembled near Tampa with Black Dirt, Alligator, Cloud, the Prophet, Shiver and Shakes, Tigertail, and other chiefs. Provisions and clothing



were distributed, and twenty-two vessels came to carry the Indians to New Orleans. But excuses were made, and the departure was delayed from week to week. Many whites who had abandoned their homes returned in the belief that the war had ended. It had been agreed that the Seminoles who emigrated should be paid for their cattle and ponies, and take along their other property and the negroes who were among them. Everything might have gone well had not the slaveholders begun to seize the negroes. The Seminoles thought themselves betrayed and fled to their former fastnesses.

Gradually, however, they were pushed southward, and the last general engagement was fought on Christmas Day, 1837, on the northern shore of Lake Okecho-bee. It was a hand to hand struggle in the depths of a horrible swamp. The Indians were beaten and never afterward faced the Americans in force.

At the end of two years of warfare fifteen hundred Indians had been captured by hook or by crook and transferred to the West. The savages had learned that it was not in fighting set battles that their true strength lay, and now they confined themselves to bushwhacking in small parties. To outmaneuver them was very difficult. The commanding general said, "The greater portion of southern Florida is an unexplored wilderness, of the interior of which we are as ignorant as of the interior of China."

The troops endured great hardship and privation.

They were exposed to drenching rains, and to the diseases of a wild swampy country with an almost torrid climate, they waded rivers and made long marches over the hot sands and into the jungles. Encumbered with their wagons and field pieces, they were at a considerable disadvantage in their movements as compared with the Indians, who could swim the streams and move about freely through the wilderness on their narrow trails, or even where there were no trails. The savages had a marvelous capacity for suddenly appearing and as suddenly vanishing. Often they mystified their pursuers by escaping from the very clutches of those following them. During one of the campaigns a party of soldiers surrounded an Indian who had sought refuge in a small pool of swampy water. They thought he could not possibly get away, but after a minute search they were unable to find him, and abandoned the quest. On a later occasion he was not so fortunate. The troops captured him, and he told how, when surrounded in the pool, he was lying beneath the very log on which one of the party stood, with his entire body under water except the tip of his nose.

Such was the difficulty of finding the Indians that thirty-five bloodhounds were brought from Cuba, where they cost one hundred and fifty dollars each, to be employed in tracking the invisible red men. But they had been trained to hunt negroes, and would not follow the scent of the Indians.

One device of the whites was to establish block-

houses at a great many points, each with mounted scouts who were always on the search in their respective districts. Tragedies multiplied on all sides, yet there were frequent intervals when warfare was suspended while efforts were made to negotiate a peace. The wily Indians were always ready to "talk" in the spring, for if they could get the whites to cease hostilities, then they had an opportunity to rest, draw rations, and get some sort of a crop raised by the squaws off in the woods. That done, they disappeared and resumed their depredations. It was to one of these talks that Wild Cat came to meet the government officials in a remarkable costume which he had made up from the properties of some actors whom he had ambushed and plundered not far from St. Augustine. When he was told that unless the Indians emigrated the United States would exterminate them, he responded that the Great Spirit might exterminate them, but the pale-faces could not, else why had they not done it before?

After the war had dragged on for more than five years the powerful government of the United States was still baffled by a tribe of Indians reduced in numbers to only a few hundreds. There had been seven successive commanding generals. Now an eighth was appointed—General Worth. Under his guidance the campaign against the Indians was pushed steadily winter and summer, and they were followed into the most remote of their swamp retreats. Their leading

chief now was Wild Cat. Since he escaped from Fort Marion he had been a most daring and unrelenting enemy of the whites. He refused to do any more conferring with them until the summer of 1841, when his little daughter was captured. Then he went to General Worth's camp, trusting once more to the protection of a white flag. The meeting with his child was very affecting. General Worth treated him with such consideration that they became friends, and Wild Cat agreed to emigrate with his people. While returning to his warriors, he was captured through some misunderstanding and transported to New Orleans in chains. But General Worth had him promptly brought back, and apologized to him. With Wild Cat's help, the Indians were persuaded to emigrate, a few at a time, though none left except regretfully. As they sailed away from Tampa Bay, leaving behind their home shores, their wails and anguish touched the hearts of the most hardened sailors. A small remainder, estimated at one hundred warriors and two hundred women and children, determined to dwell in the Everglades rather than leave their native land, and as they could not be caught they were allowed to remain unmolested.

Thus ended a war which had lasted nearly seven years and had kept operating in Florida troops varying in number from three thousand to nine thousand. It had cost the United States fifteen hundred lives and about twenty million dollars.

## X

### THE EVERGLADES

**T**HERE is a compelling charm about the unknown, and in the Everglades that charm is still potent. They have always been a region of mystery. Stories are told of pirate ships laden with booty being chased to the Florida coast, where they evaded their pursuers by taking refuge within the fastnesses of the Glades. The winding streams of the southern part of the peninsula are reputed to flow over treasures in scuttled boats, and their banks to be the hiding-place of hoards of buried wealth left by the old sea-rovers. Much money has been spent in attempts to discover the treasures.

Although the mild winter of Florida draws constantly increasing numbers thither, the tip of the peninsula is the last portion of America to be intimately explored. Our own surveys of some of the more intricate parts of its coast have not been dependable until recently. The first organized expedition crossed the Everglades in 1883, and maps made not long ago portrayed good-sized rivers half a hundred miles long traversing the region, where, in reality, the vague waterways are scarcely worthy to be called streams. The Everglades

occupy a shallow basin one hundred and thirty miles north and south and seventy east and west, which makes a total area much the same as that of the state of Connecticut. Yet this vast expanse, bordered as it is by lines of commerce and fashionable travel, is even now almost unplotted and unvisited. Its only human dwellers are a few hundred Indians who thread its lonely water-paths in primitive dugout canoes.

It is not exactly land, and not exactly water. There is too much water to travel by land, and too much rank saw-edged grass to journey freely by water. The only relief to its level prairie-like monotony is a dotting of islets heavy with tropical growths, and usually plumed with one or two palmettos. Florida is a broad limestone mountain-top, much of which is covered by a mantle of sand. It has remarkably copious springs, and these springs are the source of the water in the Everglades. The water forms a veritable lake that nowhere is stagnant or wholly at rest. Rains furnish only a small percentage of the clear, limpid, and palatable water, and the springs account for the rest. No stream of any kind runs into the basin, yet numerous creeks and rivers lead out of it. The rim of the basin has an altitude of about a dozen feet above low tide. On the east it is within three to twelve miles of the coast, but on the west side recedes much farther; and here lie the dark watery woodlands known as the Big Cypress, a trackless labyrinth of swamps, lagoons, creeks, and low fertile islands, all deep buried in the

shadows of a mighty cypress forest. The rock floor of the Everglades basin is usually found at a depth not exceeding six feet, but in places is twice that far down. Wherever it is struck with a pole or an oar it gives out a somewhat hollow metallic sound.

Almost the entire floor is covered with a layer of muck, which varies in thickness from a few inches to several feet. In this muck grows the saw grass, sometimes attaining a height of ten feet. Its vigor never varies, for neither heat nor cold ever weaken its vicious energy. The grass hides the water, save in the numerous little channels which wind aimlessly about, sometimes coming to a blank end, sometimes broadening into a clear space abloom with pond-lilies. These leads or openings are full of promise to the explorer, but are usually only a snare.

Along the eastern and western edges of the lake are uncounted islands, some of them alluvial, but most outcrops of the rock of the basin covered with a rich mold. The former are wet. The latter are habitable, and occasionally one will have a dry cultivable area hundreds of acres in extent, that responds generously to the rather fitful labor of the Seminoles. The forests that cover the islands are very luxuriant. Vines abound and attain great size. Wherever the ground is dry enough the Florida arrow-root flourishes. This is the mainstay of the Seminoles and supplies delicate and digestible flour and starch. Wild flowers are remarkably profuse, including rare and lovely orchids.

On many of the islands grow giant ferns, the fronds of which attain a length of ten feet.

Animal life is fairly abundant in the islanded parts. Here deer are found, and now and then a bear or panther. Otters are plentiful, and these and alligators are hunted by the Seminoles for their skins. There are numerous snakes, including the poisonous rattlesnake and moccasins, but they do not hang from the trees in the fine festoons that used to be pictured. One wonders that the Seminoles should go habitually bare-limbed from the knee down in this snake-infested wilderness. There is such a dearth of stagnant water that few breeding-places are furnished for insects. Even mosquitoes are lacking except along the borders, but the thick abundant foliage encourages the gnats and small flies, and fleas are plentiful in the Indian camps.

In climate the Everglades know neither sudden change nor extremes of heat and cold. Winter chill is softened, and summer heat made genial. The rainy season includes all the summer months and the early fall. The rest of the year is fairly dry, though showers are not entirely lacking.

Such are the difficulties of penetrating the Everglades that what we have learned of them during the past three centuries has been learned in fragments, and with pain and peril. The first white man to enter their confines was a Spaniard who was shipwrecked in the Strait of Florida, and became the captive and





*On the shore of Lake Okechobee*



*The Cotee River near Sarasota*

slave of a Calos chief who was known as Lord of the Everglades. The tribe called the whole region Mayaimi, a name which still persists in that of Miami, and they called the Everglades the Lake of the Sweet Water.

The Spanish captive's name for them was the Lake of the Holy Spirit. He was among the Indians for seventeen years, during which time he was concerned chiefly in a search for gold and for the spring of fadeless youth. He found no gold, and though he affirmed that he bathed in every pool and spring his youth departed, and he died.

The Calos tribe presently disappeared from the region, and at length a remnant of the Seminoles settled in the Everglades which they called the Grassy-water. The seven years' war with the whites had not ended, and later fresh difficulties arose, with the result that military detachments made various incursions into the Glades from 1841 to 1856. One of these, which is fairly typical, occurred in June, 1855. Sixty-three men with an Indian guide set out from the eastern edge in canoes. When water leads failed them the boats were forced through the saw grass, partly by poling, partly by wading and shoving. Often the grass had to be cut away in front, and the men suffered greatly from wounds made by its sharp-toothed edges. At night they had to sleep camped in the canoes. Finally the grass barrier became so dense they were obliged to turn back, after having gone a winding way

of one hundred and twenty miles, or, in a direct line, fifty-three miles.

The expedition of 1883, which has been referred to, was undertaken by four white men and six negro oarsmen. They had two large canoes and several smaller ones, and carried provisions for sixty days. The start was made October 21st, from Punta Rasa at the mouth of the Caloosahatchee, and on the first day of November the party reached Lake Okechobee. Beyond that they encountered a dense tangle of grass, scrub-willow, and custard-apple through which they were only able to advance a few hundred yards a day. Presently this was succeeded by watery prairies of saw grass to which they set fire, but as the water here was only four feet deep progress continued to be slow and laborious. Not until late in the month did they find deeper water. Then they got along faster, and at last descended the Shark River to Whitewater Bay at the tip of the peninsula.

A more ambitious expedition was undertaken in the early spring of 1892. Twenty-one men with two cypress skiffs and two canvas boats entered the Glades from Fort Shackelford in the middle of the peninsula about forty miles south of Lake Okechobee. They expected to travel five miles a day, but even this low rate could not be maintained. Four days after starting it became necessary to leave behind one of the skiffs and some of the baggage. Leaders and laborers worked alike, often standing waist deep in water and

muck, cutting away the saw grass to make an opening for the boats, which they then shoved ahead by main strength. At times portages were unavoidable, and the men had to carry the boats' cargoes on their backs. A burden bearer would frequently get into a mudhole up to his waist, and was only able to extricate himself by laying hold of a boat.

The party camped at night on small islands when they could, but if none was available some slept in the boats, and others cut saw grass, piled it on that which was growing, and spread over the pile heavy rubber blankets, thus contriving a rude swaying bed. Several of the men gave out from incessant and arduous labor, and provisions ran short so that only half rations were served, eked out by terrapin and a few fish and birds procured along the way. More baggage was abandoned. Distant Indian fires had been seen from time to time, and on April 4th the men saw and hailed an old Seminole whom they persuaded to guide them to Miami. There they arrived haggard and exhausted three days later.

The easiest natural approaches to the Glades are by way of the New River and the Miami on the east coast. The other outlets afford only difficult pathways at best. The New River flows forth in a somewhat sweeping but gentle stream. The Miami has worn for itself a way through the rocky rim of the great basin, and comes tumbling in a noisy flood down a ten foot fall in three hundred yards.

There is undoubtedly agricultural value in the rich deposit of mud at the bottom of the great inland lagoon, and if the water could be withdrawn the region would attract population and be marvelously productive. The reclamation of the Everglades has been a subject of public discussion from almost the time of Florida's acquisition by the United States. The first contract for draining the region was made in 1881, and work continued for several years, but without very important results. In 1906 the task was resumed, and considerable progress has been made in opening canals to the coast. It is estimated that the work now under way will make available one million acres of land particularly adapted to raising sugar-cane, oranges, and garden truck.

The drainage channels that have been opened make crossing the Everglades a favorite trip for Florida tourists. There is considerable advantage for sight-seers in having a short route across the lower part of the state, but the novelty of it is the chief attraction. The usual course is between Fort Myers and West Palm Beach. You leave Fort Myers in a little launch which goes up the Caloosahatchee. The river is broad at first, but after a while becomes narrow and tortuous. You stop for the night at the village of Labelle on the borders of the Everglades. The next morning you go on up the river and through a canal to Lake Okechobee. The canals have lowered the water of the lake so that it is very shallow and has a

broad border of exposed bottom. Several little lighthouses have been erected to guide the boats across it. Late in the day you arrive at West Palm Beach.

Some authorities consider the Seminole dwellers of the Everglades the most picturesque Indians in the United States. Their strange environment, their habits of living, and their dress are all romantically interesting. For more than a decade after the seven years' war ended in 1842 they continued in their wilderness retreat unmolested. Then some engineers, engaged in a government survey of Florida, camped not far from the home of Old Billy Bowlegs, the leading chief of his tribe. One day Old Billy was dismayed to find that marauders had been in his garden and deliberately cut and torn to pieces some banana plants which were the pride of his heart. When he went to the engineers' camp to complain, the men admitted that the deed was theirs, but insolently refused to make amends. As a result the Indians went on the warpath, and the cost to the government was a number of lives and thousands of dollars. At the end of three years Old Billy Bowlegs and a band of one hundred and fifty men, women, and children were induced to emigrate.

The Seminoles at present in the Everglades probably do not number over three hundred. They do not make much of a showing in the vast expanse of the Everglades that they inhabit. If you journeyed into that watery wilderness you might travel scores of

miles and not see an Indian. They live in small widely separated colonies that usually consist of five or six families. A typical camp covers about an acre of dry land. The ordinary dwelling consists of six upright poles, three on a side, and a gable roof of palmetto thatch. It has an earthen floor, and the main articles of furniture are large tables which nearly fill the interior, and on which the Indians eat and sleep. There are chests to hold clothes and tools and guns, barrels and boxes for provisions, and a sewing machine. An old sheet or blanket generally hangs down on the northerly side in winter to keep out the winds and rain. In the center of the camp is a circular shed used for cooking. Under this is a fire from which logs radiate like spokes from the hub of a wheel. As the ends burn away, the logs are pushed toward the center.

Any one is welcome to share the Indians' food with them at mealtime. The standard dish is a stew made by cooking meat in a large kettle and thickening it with vegetables and meal. A spoon is placed in the kettle, and each person takes a single mouthful in turn, or you can reach in with your fingers and help yourself. When food is plentiful the stew kettle is seldom empty.

The squaws wear long calico dresses of blue or brown that have bright bands of red or yellow. Their most cherished ornaments are strings of colored beads. The beads are about the size of a small pea, and the



preferred colors are turquoise blue and a light red. A string of beads is given to the girl baby by the time she is a year old, and each notable event in her life is made an occasion for giving her more beads. But in advanced age some are taken away. There are women who carry as much as twenty-five pounds of these beads around their necks. They always go without head covering and barefooted. Silver coins are frequently beaten into various designs and fashioned into jewelry for personal adornment.

The men acquire store clothes such as the whites wear, but have an antipathy for trousers. Their habits are so amphibious that they prefer bare legs. Some still dress in the old Seminole manner, and have a tunic tied on with a bright sash, and a red turban made of a shawl or many handkerchiefs. An Indian will frequently wear half a dozen shirts at the same time. Silver earrings are worn very generally by men, women and children.

In the vicinity of the habitations is a little clearing where are raised scanty crops of corn, squashes, sweet potatoes, and sugar-cane. Chickens and razor-back hogs run about wild.

An old cane mill is used to extract the juice of the sugar cane, and this juice is transformed into whiskey by means of a still, crudely constructed from an iron pot with a wooden cover, a length of iron pipe, and a box of water. When under the influence of liquor the Seminole is quarrelsome, bites like a dog, fights with

his companions and all the members of his family, but seldom with white men whom he fears even when drunk. On occasions of carousal one of the Indians always keeps sober to look after the others. After a spree in a town of the whites, as soon as the drinkers recover their usual gravity and gentleness, they disappear into the Everglades fastnesses as silently as they came. The Indian has a mysterious ability to cross the Everglades at will. When the water is high he can pole his dugout the entire width of the saw grass waste in four days. But he is not a satisfactory guide, for he is easily discouraged and lacks resourcefulness. If the route through the Everglades is made difficult by low water, and canoes have to be hauled through mud and saw grass, the Indian is apt to conclude that he is sick and needs whiskey. If the liquor is not forthcoming he at once gives up his job, quite regardless of all contracts.

Some of the men occasionally work for truck farmers, but most of the tribe regard such employment with haughty disdain. Nor are the willing ones dependable as laborers. An Indian who refused to do some light field work at a dollar a day readily accepted an offer of a moderate sum for capturing a live otter wanted by a zoo, without trap marks or other injury. He spent several weeks in securing the creature, and it bit his thumb half off, yet he seemed satisfied with a compensation that was far less than he could have earned hoeing tomatoes.



*Canoeing in the Big Cypress*



*A trapper's home in the Everglades. The cabin is built of  
cypress bark and palmetto leaves*

One of the Indians told a white man that he would like to go to school, and that he wanted to attend for two weeks.

"Two weeks are not enough," the white man commented. "You must go a long time to learn."

"No," the Indian responded, "me smart—learn plenty in two weeks."

A Seminole who was asked if he ever prayed, replied: "Um, um, me hunt two, three days, get no deer; have big talk to Great Spirit—get deer. Me want go in canoe—no water; me talk to Great Spirit—water come plenty. Injun, he buy iron pot and pipe and sugar-cane water—make much whiskey. Me tell him stop. He no stop. Drink, drink, drink, all same like white man. Me bury him; then say lilly bit prayer."

The Everglades Indians show little inclination to adopt the religion of the white race. Missionaries rarely allow a savage to escape them, but they find the Seminoles peculiarly elusive. Not many years ago a missionary settled near an Indian encampment, whereupon the natives moved to the recesses of the Big Cypress Swamp, and declared they would go still farther if the missionary followed.

The Seminoles have an annual Corn Dance that begins with the new moon in June and lasts from ten to twenty days. On the night of the full moon they dance around the festal pole from sunset until sunrise. The dancing is not as a whole very spirited. Those

who take part walk around in a circle about thirty yards in diameter, and talk, until, at the signal of a scream, they jump up and down. Sometimes the younger girls vary the performance by a rough-and-tumble wrestling match. Casualties are not uncommon during these festivities. On one occasion Jimmy Jumper ran amuck and killed five Indians before he himself was shot down.

Marriage ties are lightly regarded. One squaw got drunk and pounded her husband. He did not strike back, but left her and the camp, and married a widow who was a score of years his senior, and had six children. The tribe inflicted no additional punishment.

Implicit obedience to their leaders is one of the Indian traits. If a man sentenced to death is granted permission to go to town for a few days he is sure to return at the time appointed for him to be the chief figure in an execution.

A Seminole often takes the medicine of the white man for slight attacks of illness, but in serious cases he calls in the medicine man of his own people. One of the worst foes of the tribe is measles, which easily becomes epidemic. If the disease itself does not terminate the life of the sufferers, the medicine man puts in the finishing strokes with his mummery. By means of bleedings, poultices, and dosings he disposes of the disease and patient both.

The dead are left on top of the ground wrapped in

blankets, and further protected by a pen built over the body. When a man's squaw dies he wears his shirt till it rots off. When a squaw loses her husband she refrains from combing her hair for three months. Aside from these formalities little reverence is shown for the dead; and when Tom Tiger's grave was robbed, and his bones taken for exhibition, the Indians were indifferent.

Surveyors are beginning to invade the Seminole country. Lumber, bark, and fruit-growing companies are gaining a foothold. Hunters roam over the preserves in increasing numbers, and the state is going ahead energetically with drainage projects. The Indians have become anxious over their future as they see the water in the Everglades receding, game becoming scarcer, and the white men locating on more and more of what was formerly an almost inaccessible wilderness to civilized humanity. Some adjustment must be made for them, but negotiation with them is not easy, for their general opinion of the whites is that they are "no good and lie too much."

## XI

### SOME NATURALIST VISITORS

**P**ROBABLY few, if any, American nature lovers have been without a keen desire to visit Florida. Its very name has charm for them, and the state is associated with much that is delectable in weather, fruit, and flowers. It fascinates too with its almost tropical scenery and with the strange denizens of its woodlands and its waters.

The earliest of our notable naturalists to go to Florida was John Bartram of Philadelphia. He was the first American botanist, and the greatest in the world of his time. After Great Britain acquired Florida from Spain in 1765 he was appointed Botanist to his Majesty George III for the newly ceded territory, and although he had nearly reached the age of threescore and ten, he hastened to visit that land whose name boded so well for his beloved science. With several companions he ascended the St. Johns in an open boat as far as Lake George, daily noting down his experiences and observations. He was not a writer of much polish or originality of expression, but he was simple and genuine and deeply interested in the new phases of nature that the trip revealed to him. The following ex-



tracts from his diary include the chief incidents of his primitive voyage:

“December the 19th, 1765, set out from St. Augustine early in the morning, which was frosty, the ground being covered with a white hoar frost.

“20th. Set out for Robert Davis’s, whose son the governor had ordered to take us to search for the head of the river St. Johns; and having necessaries provided, I, my son William, Mr. Yates, and Mr. Davis, embarked in a battoe. Mr. Davis was not only to conduct us, but also to hunt venison for us, and his negro was to row and cook, the governor bearing our expenses.

“24th. Cold morning, thermometer 50°, wind northwest. Blowed pretty fresh, but ceased toward night. Landed, and Mr. Davis shot a deer, and his negro a turkey. I and my son walked in the woods to observe the soil and plants with a man that went to fell some trees for honey. He felled one that contained only some yellow wasps that had taken up their winter quarters in a pine tree. We then walked to another hollow tree, wherein was a swarm of bees and some honey. Both white people and Indians often find great quantities of honey and wax, even ten gallons out of one tree. The Indians eat much of it with their venison and sour oranges, of which they cut off one end, then pour the honey into the pulp, and scoop both out as a relishing morsel.

“26th. Thermometer temperate. Fine day. Wind

south. Excellent swamps on both sides of the river. Turkeys and alligators plenty.

“27th. Landed on a high bluff on the east side of the river, then travelled on foot along thick woody ground. We came down a steep hill, twenty foot high and four or five hundred yards from the river, under the foot of which issued a large fountain (big enough to turn a mill) of warm clear water of a very offensive taste, and smelt like bilge-water, or the washings of a gun-barrel. The sediment that adhered to the trees fallen therein, looked of a pale white or bluish cast.

“28th. Saw many alligators, and killed one. 'Tis certain that both jaws open by a joint nearly alike.

“29th. Fish jumping continually.

“31st. We now came to plenty of the tree palmetto, which the inhabitants call cabbage tree.

“January the 1st, 1766. Hazy morning; thermometer 52. River here 9 foot deep in the channel. Thermometer 72° P. M.

“2d. White frost on the boat. Thermometer 35. We climbed a tree, from which we had a prospect of an extensive marsh.

“3d. Clear cold morning. Thermometer 26. The ground was frozen an inch thick on the river banks. This was the fatal night that destroyed the lime, citron, and banana trees in St. Augustine, many curious evergreens up the river, and flowering plants and shrubs never before hurt.

“4th. We came to a creek up which we rowed a mile

in four and six foot water, of the color of the sea, tasting sweetish and loathsome, warm and very clear. The spring-head is about thirty yards broad, and boils up from the bottom like a pot. Multitudes of fish resort to it. The alligators very numerous either on the shore or swimming on the surface of the water, and some on the bottom, so tame, or rather bold, as to allow us to row very near to them.

“5th. Rainy morning. Stayed at Mount Joy. This mount is formed of snail and mussel shells, and is eight or ten foot perpendicular about one hundred and fifty yards long and twenty broad.

“10th. The wolves howled, the first time I heard them in Florida. We found a great nest of a wood-rat, built of long pieces of dry sticks, near four foot high and five in diameter, all laid confusedly together. On stirring the sticks a large rat ran out and up a high sapling with a young one hanging to its tail.

“12th. The river weeds and reeds stopped our battoe, and we returned to the hammock where we lodged last night.

“13th. Set out homeward.

“14th. Our hunter killed a large he-bear, supposed to weigh four hundred pounds. His skin, when stretched measured five foot and a half long and four foot ten inches in breadth. He yielded fifteen or sixteen gallons of clear oil. Two of us had never eat an ounce of bear's meat before, but we found it to our surprise very mild and sweet. We had a fat young

buck and three turkeys fresh shot at the same time, and some boiled with the bear, but we chose the last for its good relish.

“15th. The morning was very warm and a little showery. The muskitoes were troublesome last night, and this morning the flies blowed our meat before ten o'clock; the ticks creeping, and lizards running about our tent. We stayed all day to barbecue our meat, which would soon spoil if not preserved either by fire or salt.

“16th. Very cold windy day; so our hunters rendered the bear's oil, and stretched and dried the skin.

“17th. We came to a fine rich dry bluff, four foot above the water. Here we cut down three tall poles or cabbage trees, and cut out the top bud, the white tender rudiments of the great leaves. This tender part will be three or four inches in diameter tapering near a foot. This they slice into a pot and stew with water, then, when a<sup>l</sup>most tender, pour some bear's oil into it, and stew it a little longer, when it eats pleasant and much more mild than a cabbage. I never eat half so much cabbage at a time, and it agreed the best with me of any sauce I ever eat, either alone or with meat. Our hunters frequently eat it raw, and will live on it several days. The small palmetto yields a white bud no bigger than one's finger, which is eaten by men, bears, and horses, in case of great need. This situation pleased me so much we called it Bartram's Bluff.

“18th. This night was very warm, and the muskitoes troublesome, so that we smoked our tent twice.

“19th. Fine warm morning, birds singing, fish jumping, and turkeys gobbling.

“25th. I found a very large rattlesnake sunning himself.

“27th. We landed on a low bluff of mussel and snailshells. Here, as well as in most other places on any high dry bank on the river or its banches where the soil is good, are found fragments of old Indian pots and orange trees, which clearly demonstrate that the Florida Indians inhabited every fertile spot on St. Johns river, lakes, and branches. We encamped on a bed of long tree-moss to preserve us from the low damp ground, which is very unpleasant and dangerous.

“February the 12th. We arrived at Mr. Davis’s near night, and next morning set out for St. Augustine.”

About two-thirds of a century later Audubon spent several months in Florida. He was the chief American ornithologist of his generation, and one of the most winsome, interesting, and picturesque characters that this country has produced. He was an artist and a backwoodsman seeking adventure and the opportunity to put on record in drawings and in words his love of the birds. When he went to Florida he was already famous, and he was accompanied by assistants and had the sanction of the United States navy to do some of his touring on government vessels.

November 15, 1831, he sailed from Charleston to St. Augustine, where he spent about three weeks,

then went down to Bulowville, fifty miles away, partly by boat and partly afoot. Late in December he made an excursion by way of a creek, eleven miles to the Halifax River, and south on that to Live Oak Landing eighty miles from St. Augustine. Eight other persons went with him, but six of them were negroes to row the boat.

At sunrise, the morning after they reached the landing, Audubon with four of the colored servants started in search of birds. He says: "I proceeded along a narrow shallow bay, where the fish were truly abundant. Would you believe it, if I were to say that the fish nearly obstructed our headway? So it was; the waters were filled with them, large and small. The birds appeared wild and few. You must be aware that I call birds few when I shoot less than one hundred per day."

This remark might convey the impression that Audubon was a reckless destroyer of all bird life; but it must be remembered that he was not only seeking birds to describe and draw, but counted on defraying a part of his expenses by selling their skins to museums.

When the party started on the return journey to Bulowville, both tide and wind were against them and there was a prospect of chilly weather. The day came to an end while they were still struggling northward. Moreover, the wind freshened and the cold increased. Worst of all, they presently found themselves fast in the mud about three hundred yards from a

marshy shore. They rolled themselves in their cloaks and lay down in the boat, but to sleep was impossible. At last morning came. The bitter northeaster still blew, and every one was stiffened with cold and nearly exhausted. In order to get to the shore they leaped into the water and mud, waist deep, and spent two hours and a half in pushing the boat a quarter of a mile to a point where a few scrubby trees grew.

On arriving at the margin of the marsh, two of the negroes fell in the mud as senseless as torpidity ever rendered an alligator. The others carried them into the little grove, and started a fire around which the shivering party gathered. They wrapped the two negroes in blankets, and made some tea which they forced them to swallow, and so revived them.

At length they manned the boat again, and got it off through the mud. Such was their joy when it was once more afloat that they set fire to the marsh. Crack, crack, crack! went the reeds with a rapid blaze, and they saw the marsh rabbits scampering from the fire by thousands as they pulled at their oars.

When they entered the creek they found it well-nigh emptied of water by the gale, and for a second time they were obliged to wade to get to land. They abandoned the boat and began a long tramp on the shore through sand that sent their feet back six inches at every step. But finally they reached the landing of the Bulow plantation, and then their strenuous journey soon ended.

A few days afterward Audubon, accompanied by a Scotch engineer who was employed by the planters of the region in erecting sugar-house establishments, set forth inland to visit a spring of which wonderful tales were told. They were mounted on horses of the Indian breed, remarkable for their activity and strength, and they carried guns and provisions. No sooner had they left the "King's Road" than they entered a thicket of scrubby oaks, that was presently succeeded by a still denser mass of low palmettos, among the roots of which their nags had difficulty in maintaining a safe footing. At times the palmettos so covered the narrow Seminole trail they followed that it was no easy matter to keep to it, and they were unable to go faster than two and a half miles an hour. But by and by they came to pine barrens and sand, with here and there large tracts grown up to tall grasses. Wherever the land was a little below the general level it was covered with cypress trees whose spreading arms were hung with Spanish moss. The country was very flat as far as the eye could reach, presenting always the same wild scraggy aspect. Now and then they passed through muddy pools in which their horses sank to the saddle-girth.

But as they went on they entered a more elevated and undulating region where there were beautiful lakes which became larger and more numerous the farther the travelers advanced. They saw many tortoises basking in the sun along the lake shores, and, as



they approached, the creatures plunged into the water. Late in the day they arrived at a plantation seven miles from the St. Johns, and there they spent the night.

The next day the planter guided them to the celebrated spring, of which Audubon says, "The water is quite transparent, but so impregnated with sulphur that it emits an odor which to me is highly nauseous." It had a circular basin with a diameter of about sixty feet. A deep and broad channel called Spring Garden Creek conveyed the water to a neighboring lake.

The planter took Audubon in a boat down the creek, and they saw ibises, coots, and cormorants on its surface or along its margin, and numerous alligators swimming in the water. Overhead the fish-hawks were sailing, and on the broken trees they saw many of their nests. They crossed the little lake into which the creek emptied, and followed a continuation of the stream to Lake Woodruff. There they landed, Audubon says, "on a small island covered with wild orange trees, the luxuriance and freshness of which were not less pleasing to the sight than the perfume of their flowers was to the smell." Under the shade of the trees, and amidst the golden fruits that covered the ground, while the humming-birds fluttered through the foliage, the party ate their lunch.

The naturalist further comments on the region: "I felt unquiet, as if I were almost on the verge of creation, where realities were tapering off into nothing. The general wildness, the eternal labyrinths of waters

and marshes, had a tendency to depress my spirits, notwithstanding some beautiful flowers, rich looking fruits, and a pure sky."

In concluding the narrative of this inland excursion he remarks that "the planter aided by the Scotch engineer directed the current of the spring so as to turn a mill, which suffices to grind the whole of his sugar-cane."

Audubon soon returned to St. Augustine, and in February went from there on a government schooner up the coast to the St. Johns River. As the vessel entered the river in the early morning he watched the numerous pelicans that had been frightened from their resting grounds flying on high. Farther along he saw myriads of cormorants covering the face of the waters, and countless fish-crows were arriving from their distant roosts. In many places the shores were low and swampy, to the great delight of the abounding herons and the grim alligators.

On the evening of the twelfth of the month the schooner anchored fully one hundred miles from the mouth of the river. The mercury stood at ninety degrees. "Blind mosquitoes" covered every object, even in the cabin. So wonderfully abundant were they that they more than once extinguished the candles while Audubon was writing his journal. Finally he closed it in despair, crushing between the leaves more than a hundred of the little wretches. Luckily these blind mosquitoes did not bite.

Toward noon, the next day, while the vessel was gliding along on its voyage, a Seminole Indian approached in his canoe. He had spent the night fishing, and the morning in procuring the game of the swampy thickets. He dexterously threw his fish and turkeys on the deck of the schooner, received a recompense, and swiftly departed without an acknowledgment of any kind.

The schooner was to remain for some time on the upper river, and Audubon hired two men to row him forty miles down to where he was opposite St. Augustine. Then, accompanied by his assistants and a Newfoundland dog, he started across country on foot, following a narrow, but well-beaten path that had been used by the Indians for ages. The weather was calm and beautiful, but they had eighteen miles to go, and the sun was only two hours high. Presently they entered a pine-barren. Now and then a rivulet occurred, from which they quenched their thirst, and the magnolias and flowering plants on its banks relieved the dull uniformity of the woods.

The sun went down, and a breeze which sprang up sounded dolefully among the tall pines. Along the eastern horizon lay a bed of black vapor, which gradually rose and covered the heavens. The air felt hot and oppressive. Audubon's dog was now their guide. He kept a little ahead of them on the trail, and the white spots on his coat were the only objects they could discern amid the darkness.

Large drops began to fall from the murky mass above, vivid flashes of lightning streamed across the heavens, the wind increased to a gale, and the rain poured down like a torrent. The water soon rose on the level ground so as to almost cover their feet, but they continued to advance, fronting the tempest. At length the storm passed on, and there was clear sky overhead spangled with stars. Not long afterward they descried the light of the beacon near St. Augustine. They were now on ground where the dog had hunted, and he led them directly to the great causeway that crossed the marshes at the back of the town. So they soon arrived at their hotel, drenched with rain, steaming with perspiration, and covered to the knees with mud.

Audubon's next and last Florida excursion was in a revenue cutter down the East Coast. He visited the islands all the way down to Key West, and from there voyaged eighty miles westerly to the Tortugas. These islands consist of low banks of shelly sand that were resorted to principally by turtles and that class of men called wreckers. The turtles came to the banks to deposit their eggs in the burning sand, and clouds of sea-fowl arrived every spring to make their nests on the isles. There came also at this season men commonly spoken of as eggers, who, when their cargoes were completed, sailed away to market their plunder.

When the revenue cutter approached the Tortugas in the early hours of the night, Audubon observed the

heavily-laden turtles slowly advancing landward, with only their heads above the water. He could dimly see their broad forms as they toiled along, anxious to deposit their eggs in the well-known sands, and at intervals he heard their hurried breathings.

After spending a few days among the islands in his customary manner, shooting birds, drawing pictures of them, and skinning them, he returned to St. Augustine, and about the middle of April brought his Florida tour to a close by sailing for Savannah.

Another notable naturalist who had interesting things to say about Florida was John Muir. At the age of twenty-nine, in October, 1867, he approached by sea Fernandina in the extreme northeast corner of the state. He was eager to ramble and botanize, and expected to find a flowery Canaan. As the steamer drew near port he saw a flat, watery, reedy coast, with clumps of mangrove, and forests of moss-dressed strange trees. He landed on a rickety wharf, and a few steps took him to the town. After buying some bread at a baker's, he made for the shady woodland.

Presently he stopped where a dry spot was formed by a heap of grass and broken roots, something like a deserted muskrat house. As he lay there eating his bread, gazing at and listening to the profound strangeness, he was startled by a rustling sound behind him. He turned and saw "a tall white crane, handsome as a minister from spirit land."

Muir started to cross the state by a gap hewn for the

locomotive, stepping along from tie to tie between the rails, or walking on the strip of sand at the sides, peering into the mysterious forest. When a new grass, or a gorgeous flower belonging to tree or vine would catch his attention he would splash through the coffee brown water for specimens. Often he was tangled in a labyrinth of armed vines like a fly in a spider-web, or he sank so deep that he was compelled to turn back and try in another place.

He was meeting so many strange plants that he was much excited; but the grandest discovery of the "great wild day" was a palmetto. It stood in a grassy place almost alone, and was "wonderfully impressive." He describes it as having "a plain gray shaft, round as a broom-handle, and a crown of varnished, channeled leaves"; but, whether rocking and rustling in the wind, or poised thoughtful and calm in the sunshine it had a marvelous power of expression.

Night came while he was still in the trackless woods. He gave up hope of finding food or a house bed, and searched only for a dry spot on which to sleep. For hours he walked rapidly in the wet level woods, while all manner of night sounds greeted his ears from strange insects and beasts. When he came to an open place where pines grew, it was about ten o'clock, and he thought that now he would find dry ground. But even the sandy barren was wet, and he had to grope in the dark a long time, feeling the earth with his hands when his feet ceased to plash, before he discovered a

little hillock dry enough to sleep on. He ate a piece of bread that was left in his bag, drank some of the brown water about his hillock, and lay down. Hollow-voiced owls pronounced their gloomy speeches with profound emphasis, but did not prevent sleep coming to heal his weariness.

In the morning, cold and wet with dew, he set out breakfastless, watching for a house, and at the same time observing the grand assemblies of novel plants. About mid-forenoon he came to a shanty where a party of loggers were getting out long pines for ship spars, and they gave him a portion of their pork and hominy.

A few hours later he dined with three men and three dogs, after being attacked viciously by the latter. The dogs undertook to undress him with their teeth, and nearly dragged him down backward, but he escaped unbitten.

As he went on he saw a place on the margin of a stagnant pool where an alligator had been rolling and sunning himself. He remarks that many good people believe alligators were created by the devil, thus accounting for their all-consuming appetite and ugliness; and he mentions hearing of one big fellow that was caught young and was partially civilized and made to work in harness.

He found the Florida streams without banks or definite channels, and their waters as black as ink in deep places. It was often difficult to ascertain which way they were flowing or creeping, so slowly and so widely

did they circulate through the woodland swamps and tree-tangles. He says that "most streams appear to travel through a country with thoughts and plans for something beyond, but those of Florida do not seem to be traveling at all."

The country was so level that he fancied little grading was required for roads, but much bridging of waterways and much boring of tunnels through forests.

One night, after a long day's tramp, he noticed a light off in the pine woods. He was very thirsty, and he went toward the light in the hope of obtaining water. When he drew near, he found a big glowing log fire illuminating the overleaning bushes and trees and making still darker the surrounding woods. By the fire sat a negro and his wife at supper, and close at hand lay a naked little boy. Muir was given water in a gourd, and after drinking resumed his walk thinking, "Surely I am now coming to the tropics, where the inhabitants wear nothing but their own skins."

A little farther on he came to Gainesville which seemed to him an oasis in the desert compared with other villages.

He was much impressed by the magnolias, and speaks of "the easy dignified simplicity of this noble tree, its plain leaf endowed with superb richness of color and form, its open branches festooned with graceful vines and moss, its showy crimson fruit, and its magnificent fragrant white flowers." In his opinion it is the most lovable of Florida trees.





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*Deep Creek, a tributary of the St. Johns*



*A Florida waterside*

The night of the 20th he arrived at the house of a hospitable ex-Confederate officer, and there he stayed several days. The most notable incident of his stay was a visit to a palmetto hammock seven miles long and three broad. To get to it he went across the farm fields and followed a wavering path through a jungle of cat-briers and on across a broad swamp where the trail made a good many abrupt turns to avoid deep water, fallen trees, or impenetrable thickets. But at last he suddenly emerged from the leafy darkness of the swamp forest, and came forth on a level area of grasses and sedges, well starred with flowers, and bounded by a wall of vine-laden trees. He walked enchanted among the palmettos. There was grandeur and nobility in their character.

After some hours he started on the return journey, but sought in vain for the trail. At length he took a compass bearing and pushed on through the swamp in a direct line through the jungle tanglement with much wading of opaque pools and lagoons. But he knew that he could not penetrate the army of cat-briers, and that he must find the narrow slit of a lane before dark or spend the night with mosquitoes and alligators. Finally he arrived at the grand cat-brier encampment and scrambled back and forth unavailingly in search of an opening. There was not even a strip of dry ground on which to rest. He began to think of building some sort of a scaffold in a tree on which he might pass the night, but concluded to endeavor once more to discover

the narrow track. So he made a long exploration to the left down the brier line, and after scrambling a mile or more gained the blessed trail and escaped to dry land. He reached his host's at sundown.

Muir arrived at Cedar Keys on the 23d, and decided he wanted to go from there by boat to Cuba. By inquiring in a little store which had a considerable trade in quinine and in alligator and rattlesnake skins, he learned that a vessel would leave in about two weeks. Then he interviewed a sawmill owner and agreed to work for him until he sailed. But the next day he began to be weighed down by a leaden numbness which he tried to shake off for three days by bathing in the Gulf, by dragging himself about among the palmettos, plants, and strange shells of the shore, and by doing a little mill work. On the third day he could take no nourishment, but craved acid. Cedar Keys was only a mile or two distant from the mill, and he managed to walk thither to buy lemons. The malaria grew worse instead of better, and the kind-hearted mill-owner took him to his own house, and gave him the best of care while he lay sick for more than two months.

As soon as he was able to get out of bed he crept to the edge of a wood, and sat day after day beneath the ample arms of some great moss-draped live-oaks, listening to the winds and the birds. Later he gained strength enough to sail in a little skiff from one key to another. Close by his loitering-place under the oaks was an extensive shallow which the tide exposed daily. This was

the feeding-ground of thousands of waders of all sizes, plumage, and language.

In time of high tide some of them went in large flocks to reedy margins about the islands and waded and stood about quarreling or making sport, occasionally finding a stray mouthful to eat. Some perched on the mangroves of the shore, now and then plunging into the water after a fish. Some went long journeys up creeks and inlets. A few lonely old herons of solemn look retired to favorite oaks. Those islets which had sedgy margins furnished a favorite retreat for the pelicans that frequently whitened the shore like a rim of foam.

Muir found the average temperature during the day in December, was sixty-five degrees in the shade, but one day a little damp snow fell. His Florida stay came to an end early in January, when he left Cedar Keys on a schooner bound for Cuba.

Another famous naturalist who has sojourned in Florida is John Burroughs. He has commented with regret that so much of the pine forest should be "haggled, burned and wasted," by lumbering and turpentine operations and by the country dwellers' annual fires to make pasturage for their roving cattle. He has expressed surprise, too, at the St. Johns River cows in the stream eating water hyacinth, or reaching up to browse the Spanish moss drooping from the trees. This made him wonder whether with the passing of geologic ages they would develop into aquatic animals or tree climbing animals.

## XII

### THE WEATHER AND OTHER CHARACTERISTICS

**F**LORIDA is called the Everglade State, and also the Peninsula State. It is the largest commonwealth east of the Mississippi with the exception of Georgia, which exceeds it in size to a very slight degree. Its length from north to south is about four hundred and fifty miles and its northern portion extends nearly four hundred miles east and west. No other state can rival its coast line of 1146 miles. Much the larger part of the coast is washed by the Gulf of Mexico. Except in the beautiful Tallahassee region the land is level or only gently rolling, and the picturesqueness of a hill country is lacking. Louisiana is the only state which has a lower average elevation. The highest point is Mount Pleasant in the extreme northern part near the southwest corner of Georgia. This "mountain" attains an altitude of three hundred and one feet.

"From what I have observed, I should think Florida was nine-tenths water, and the other tenth swamp," one tourist has said. This rather accurately describes some portions of it, and lakes and watercourses abound nearly everywhere. The rivers, creeks, and canals, and the myriad lakes and lagoons are so connected

that a canoe or light draft launch can traverse them in any direction throughout the length and breadth of the peninsula. Nor can you follow the waterways far without encountering some kind of wild creature interesting for its own sake, and perhaps legitimate prey for rod or gun.

Accurate knowledge of Florida as a whole has been lacking until comparatively recently. A map of the world published in Italy not long after the time of Columbus shows Florida as a large island in a vast ocean that extended as far as Japan. A French map issued in 1760 represents it dotted with mountain peaks almost to the southern extremity. Its area was formerly much greater than now. The western boundary was the Mississippi River and included the southern half of what are now the states of Alabama and Mississippi. It was divided into East and West Florida with the Appalachian River for the boundary line between. St. Augustine was the seat of government in the eastern section, and Pensacola in the western.

Spain had possessed Florida for about two centuries when the province was ceded to Great Britain, but it was then almost as much a wilderness as it had been originally. There were only a few thousand inhabitants in the limits of the present state, and nearly all of these were in St. Augustine and Pensacola. A large percentage of them were military and civil government dependants who were content to live safely in the garrisoned ports drawing their salaries for petty

official positions. Under English rule, which lasted not quite twenty years, Florida prospered, and settlers increased rapidly. Yet its condition long continued to be that of a frontier region. By far the greater part of its development has taken place since the Civil War. The old towns have grown, a great number of new towns have come into being, and all the time the jungle has receded. But a vast deal of unimproved land still awaits the labor of the pioneer. Only two per cent of the Florida land is cultivated, and the hunting is likely to be good for some time.

One of the most valuable industries of the state is the manufacture of cigars, chiefly at Key West and Tampa. Most of the tobacco used is imported from Cuba. The lumber industry is also very important. There seems to be no end to the oysters, the fish, the sea-birds, and the turtles in the waters along the peninsula shores. Stories are told of such hosts of fish in the olden times that vessels were stopped by them. Fruit is the principal Florida crop. The realization of the peninsula's adaptability to the culture of oranges about 1875 was the beginning of the state's modern agricultural development. But the unusual severity of the winters of 1887, 1894, and 1899 destroyed three-fourths of the orange trees and turned attention to other crops and to stock-raising. Orange culture has recovered much of its ascendancy, but is carried on farther south than before. Not all the yearly output of gold in Nevada and Arizona would equal the wealth



that goes to Florida for her fruits and vegetables. Enough oranges and grapefruit are produced by her groves each winter to pay back the five million dollars that the United States gave Spain for Florida in 1821.

Florida is the most accessible of our nation's playgrounds to the mass of the people, and fifty thousand persons visit it each year. Here, beyond the reach of snow and ice, they hunt, fish, or loaf, or they speed automobiles over ocean beaches as hard and smooth as a floor. They can play golf and tennis at the fashionable resorts, or embark in canoes to explore the depths of the wilderness, or adventure in a launch among the coral keys. There is plenty of occupation and amusement for all tastes and ages, and for those of slender means as well as for those of wealth.

Statistics are said to prove that Florida cruising is safer than staying at home. Taking cold seems to be impossible, although the voyagers do not hesitate to go overboard without the least hesitation to push the boat off a bar, help fish with nets, or dive for clams. The story is told of a young woman member of a cruising party, who was remonstrated with for her over-indulgence in bathing. This was one evening as she was enjoying the surf after having been in the water continuously since the midday meal. She responded, "My doctor told me it would not harm me to bathe four hours after eating, and I'm doing it."

Automobiles from all the states in the Union frequent Florida in the cooler months. The highways

have been greatly improved in recent years, and in many sections the motoring conditions are ideal. There is a good road all the way from Jacksonville to Pensacola, and from the former place to Tampa, and the entire distance down the east coast to beyond Miami.

The country roads are usually sandy. A woman who had been a long-time resident of the state once made a comment which may be helpfully suggestive to pedestrians. "I found it pretty hard walking in the sand at first," she said, "but I learned after a while that the best way is to set the heel down as hard as you can. Then the sand doesn't give under you so much, and you get along more comfortably."

An old Florida hotel-keeper, originally from rural New England, is credited with this burst of confidence: "Yes, we've got a climate here, and that's about all we have got—climate and sand." Most people would not entirely agree with him, though there is no doubting the sand.

Railway travel is unavoidably dusty in fair weather, and the dust has a penetrating quality which renders its perfect exclusion from the cars impossible. The effect on some tourists is to make them very pessimistic about everything. To quote one such person: "The ride through Florida is tedious. The miles of palmettos, with leaves glittering like racks of bared cutlasses in the sunshine, the miles of dark swamp, the miles of live oaks strung with their sad tattered curtains of

Spanish moss, the miles of sandy waste, orange groves, of pines with feathery tops, the sifting of fine dust, which covers everything inside the car as with a coat of flour—these make you wish that you were North again.”

Jacksonville is only thirty hours from New York by fast trains, or three days by steamers. Twelve hours more by rail takes one to the southern tip of the state. Thus, within two days' time, one may change his winter environment from arctic to tropic; from a zero mercury to one sixty or eighty degrees above; from ice and snow to gentle skies, unchilled waters, ever-blooming flowers, and singing birds—and all this without leaving the mainland of the United States.

As soon as the weather begins to be wintry and disagreeable in the North it begins to be a happy medium in Florida, neither too cool nor too warm. The leading hotels generally open early in January and close four months later. This is the period when traveling facilities are at their best.

The Florida climate is remarkably equable. You do not freeze to death in winter, nor are your energies sapped by a sizzling sun in summer. It is true that the summer days are often hot, but invariably at sundown there is a breeze which makes sleeping a comfort. The equalizing force which makes both the summer heat and the winter cold less violent is furnished by the Gulf Stream which flows out into the Atlantic between Cuba and Florida. The Gulf Stream is more

rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume is fully a thousand times as great. The water is bluer than that of the surrounding sea, and the line of demarkation in its earlier course is very distinct. On either side and under its warm current is the cold water of the rest of the sea.

The rainy season is in summer. It does not consist of a steady downpour, but of afternoon thunder showers which come up in the heat of the day. The normal rainy season lasts about four months, but may continue much longer. In winter clear days are the rule, but the weather is variable, and sometimes there are rainy winters and comparatively dry summers.

There are those who claim that the Florida summer is more genial than that torrid season at the North, that the winds are spiced with the resin of the woods, and that it is characterized by a shining equableness and a general blueness and balminess. Really it is often blisteringly and blazingly hot, and smites the toiler with irresistible languor. You seem about to ignite, and only by means of copious drafts of water and abundant perspiration is the conflagration prevented. However, a person gets somewhat acclimated in time, and learns to accept the heat with a degree of equanimity so that it no longer seems an achievement simply to exist.

I have mentioned the thunderstorms as a feature of the summer. After a sweltering windless morning, clouds appear in the blue, lifting higher and higher their beet-

ling forms like vast snow-clad mountains tops. It is a stirring sight—the splendid energies of the air, the sweeping of the shadows, and the dramatic bursts of lightning. The ground trembles with the thunder and soon the world is blotted out by the driving rain. When the storm passes on, the tree-toads awake and begin to rasp in every tree, and the frogs in every pool. As the summer progresses the rains increase in frequency. The weather falls into a lamentable aqueous intemperance, the air becomes a habitat of vapors. There are looming clouds with sluggish raindrift beneath much of the time. The soil gradually fills and exudes water like a soaked sponge, every hollow is transformed into a pool or a lake. Wherever you go you must wade. When the sun comes out it blazes on a waste of wetness, and fills the air with steam. The stranger feels much inclined to abandon the country for a while to the elements and the frogs.

Florida weather has its flaws. Nevertheless, one can live out of doors during almost every day in the year. The cool breezes from the Atlantic or the Gulf are a feature in summer, and sunny inviting days predominate in winter. But persons who come to Florida with the expectation of spending their midwinter in white linen lying on beds of roses under blossoming trees and palms, should change this delusion for the far finer and truer notion of a temperature just cool enough to save a man from degenerating into a luxurious vegetable of laziness, and just warm enough to be nerve-quieting and

tranquilizing. Even if it chances that you have to endure a three days' chilly drizzling rainstorm, you can take comfort in thinking that the North is having a driving snowstorm. When Florida has a brisk cold spell the North has a bitter freeze.

Florida has the lowest annual death rate of any state in the Union. Many persons are benefited by spending the winter there, and would be still more benefited if they made it their permanent abode. Such are those who suffer constitutionally from cold, who are bright and well only in hot weather, whom the Northern winter chills and benumbs, till, in the spring they are in the condition of a frost-bitten hot-house plant. On the contrary, persons who are debilitated and wretched during hot weather, and whom cool weather braces and gives vigor have no call to Florida.

Improvement in health depends on taking advantage of what Florida has to offer, which is life in the open air with unlimited opportunities for activity. To keep indoors taking no regular exercise, and with the mind and body unemployed offers little chance to gain.

The climate cannot be too highly praised for children. The winter is one long out-door play-spell for them, and in general they are wholly free from coughs, colds, and other ailments. They can run about, row in boats, go fishing, and seek flowers in the woods with the greatest possible pleasure and the least possible discomfort.

When you are planning a visit to the peninsula, re-

member that Florida women buy furs for the winter and wear them too. It is not a land of perpetual warmth. All the northern half of the state is more or less subject to frosty nights, cold winds, and chilling rains from the middle of December to the middle of February. The likelihood of frost decreases as you go south, but every part of the mainland gets an occasional touch. Not until you are well down toward Key West do you reach the frost's limits.

The author of a book of travel published in 1839 was detained for ten winter days at St. Augustine because the packet schooner which ran regularly to Charleston could not get out of the harbor on account of northeast winds. He says: "Nothing can be worse than to find oneself imprisoned in this little village with a cold piercing wind drifting the sand along the streets and into his eyes, with sometimes a chance at a fire morning and evening, and sometimes a chance to wrap up in a cloak and shiver without any, and many times too cold to keep warm by walking in the sunshine. No getting away. Blow, blow, blow! Northeast winds are sovereigns here, keeping everything at a standstill except the tavern-bill, which runs against all winds and weather. Here are forty passengers detained by the persevering obstinacy of the tyrant wind, while its music roars along the shore to regale us by night as well as by day, and keep us in constant recollection of the cause of detention.

"Oh for a steamboat! that happiest invention of man, that goes in spite of wind and tide. Talk of danger!

Why, rather than be detained in this manner, I would take passage on board a balloon or a thunder-cloud. Anything to get along."

A recent visitor says of the northeast wind, "This is the wind that sets everybody to swearing at his coffee of a morning, to calling for his hotel bill, and to howling at humanity in general." But he adds that generally the temperature is charming and that the prevailing winds are so "sweet and saintly" that they are more soothing than a calm.

Another St. Augustine weather story is of a Missouri man. As he sat wrapped to the eyes in a big overcoat on a bench facing the morning sun, when the thermometer had dropped several degrees below the freezing point, he uttered this plaint: "My folks told me to leave my overcoat at home, but I wouldn't do it. There's no heat in the house where I'm boarding. So I had to come out here and sit in the sunshine; and darn me if I'm warm now! Next time I take an excursion in winter I'll go north. I know a stove up in Chicago that I'll bet is red hot this minute, and I wish I was sitting side of it."

A really hard frost makes black wreckage of all the tender herbage that before flourished in green luxuriance and put forth sweet-scented flowers. The vivid-colored foliage plants in the town gardens and climbing vines and many tall picturesque shrubs have no life left above ground. Banana plants also are killed down to the roots, and the fruit ruined. Thriving fields of



sugar cane ready for the knife are turned to a straw brown, and the oranges and grapefruit become solid lumps of ice. The first such freeze on record occurred on the night of January 2, 1766, when the mercury registered twenty degrees above zero, and the ground was frozen an inch deep. In 1740 there was a snowstorm at St. Augustine, and again in 1835, but they did no damage.

At the beginning of 1835, orange trees were the glory of the place. It was one immense orange orchard, and the town buildings were embosomed in the rich deep green foliage. When the trees were in full bloom the fragrance so filled the atmosphere as to attract the notice of passers on the sea. The town appeared like a rustic village with its white houses peeping from amid the boughs laden with yellow fruit. In the picking season the harbor was enlivened with a fleet of vessels, buyers from which thronged the streets bargaining for the oranges and arranging to send cargoes of them to the Northern cities. But on a night in February the mercury fell to seven degrees, a point which has never been touched since. The cold destroyed all the orange trees, some of which rivalled in stature the sturdy forest oaks. At one stroke was wiped out the labor of years, and for many families this meant the loss of their entire resources of income. They descended from affluence to poverty and distress.

The "Big Freeze" of 1888 wreaked havoc again, and there have been other destructive frosts since. But

after each the tropical trees have been brought into bearing again, and latterly great quantities of the summer fruits of the temperate zone are being raised so that it is possible to obtain native fruits continuously from one year's end to the other.

A cold spell in Florida is very irritating to the tourists, and a frost, even though the mercury is barely down to the freezing point, is outrageous. "If this is your Florida winter, deliver me!" they exclaim. At that very time, if they choose, they can walk out into the woods and gather quite a nosegay of flowers, and they can eat radishes, lettuce, and peas grown in the open air. However, it must be granted that the term "Sunny South" does not fit very literally in January. Visitors are apt to arrive with their heads full of romantic notions of what they will find. They expect the banks of the streams to be covered with orange groves which blossom all through the year and are continuously loaded with golden fruit; and they expect pineapples and bananas to grow wild, and the flowers to everywhere brighten the ground and hang in festoons from tree to tree. What the casual observer actually does find, instead of the tropical exuberance at which he thought he would be staring, is a monotonous sandy level with patches of rough coarse grass, and tall scattered pine trees, whose tops are so far in the air that they seem to cast no shade, and a little scrubby underbrush; or, if there are deciduous trees in the woodland, their leafage continues to hang on the twigs in ragged



*An ox-cart in southern Florida*



*A St. Petersburg roadway*

patches until pushed off by the swelling buds of spring, and imparts a peculiar desolate untidiness to the woodland. One undoubted drawback is the difficulty of inducing the sandy soil to nourish grass. The ground has a persistent tendency to present the appearance of a place where hens have been scratching. The coarse native grasses that are able to withstand the summer heat do not make a satisfactory turf, and to have a nice lawn is a great undertaking.

The tourists are likely to think that Florida does not fairly merit being called a land of flowers, but they should explore the boggy glades of the woods, which is where the flowers grow. Even in midwinter the woods are a sort of treasure trove. There are palmetto leaves that can be pressed and dried and made into fans, there is the long wire grass which can be fashioned into mats, baskets, and various little fancy articles, and there are the flowers of which a reasonable nosegay can be secured on any day the winter through, and usually there is an abundance of bright delicate ferns untouched by the frosts. One woodland flower that is profusely abundant is the yellow jasmine. It rambles everywhere, full of vigor, wild grace, and violet-scented fragrance. Sometimes its yellow bells twinkle from the prickly foliage of the holly where it has taken full possession, transforming the solemn evergreen into a blossoming garland. Or it may establish itself fully fifty feet up in a water oak where it mingles its long festoons with the swaying

streamers of the gray moss. Again you find it creeping over the ground in a thick mat with its golden buds and open bells peeping up from the huckleberry bushes and sedge grass. Sometimes it clambers all over a fallen tree weaving itself about the gaunt upreaching branches and throwing off long sprays and streamers that flutter out charmingly against the blue of the sky.

The sparkleberry, a tall shrub with vivid green foliage that hangs full of clusters of small white blossoms, comes into its glory as that of the jasmine is passing away. Prickly pear grows in great clumps adorned with bright yellow blossoms. Here and there in the wire grass are patches of blue and white violets. The former are large and long stemmed. The latter are very fragrant, and they whiten the ground in some places. Along the watersides may be found clumps of pale pink azalias that fill the air with their honeyed sweetness. Here too grow the blue iris and the white lilies, and you may find a pool yellow with bladderwort. Often the dells are lighted up by the white showy blossoms of the dogwood, or are brightened by a red-bud which is like a bush of pink flame. As the season advances, blue wistaria climbs from branch to branch, and there are the coral-honeysuckle, the trumpet-creeper, and a multitude of other flowers.

The winter aspect of the wild lands may be somewhat somber, but spring is as much a pomp and glory here as in the North. Nothing could exceed the outburst of vividness and vigor when the sun returns to

make its power felt. In the North and West blizzards may rage and railroads be blocked by snowdrifts, while throughout Florida the coming of summer is heralded by the singing of birds, the maturing of fruits and vegetables, and the air is sweet with the odor of orange blossoms.

## XIII

### PINES, PALMETTOS, AND OTHER TREES

**I**N many parts of Florida are interminable stretches of long-leaved pine forests. The rough-barked tapering trunks rise straight as arrows, and lift their plumed tops sixty to a hundred feet in the air. Rarely is there a limb in the first two thirds of the height. The needles are from twelve to eighteen inches long, and when the wind blows through the foliage it makes music worth listening to. The carpet of fallen needles underfoot is appropriately called pine straw. The woodland is characterized by a singular silence and a bewildering sameness. So scattering do the trees stand that you can look between their straight trunks for seemingly endless miles before they draw together in the gray distance and shut off the view. They cast little shade, and down below is calm sunshine which is very grateful in winter. Even when there is a brisk wind, the depth of the pine woods is serene and still.

One of these woods' peculiarities is the apparent difficulty of getting into them. As you advance they recede. You seem always to be at the beginning of a wood. The near trees are far apart, and though those





*Log-drawing in a long-leaf pine forest*



*Cutting a gutter for turpentine*

at a distance seem to stand thicker, you find them scattered just the same, as you go on. Such woods do not afford much stimulus to the imagination. Beyond and behind and on either side they present no variation. Yet after all they have a certain open sunny park-like charm. One writer in recording his impressions has sighed for a hill, and adds, "An impossible country to live in, but most pleasant for a half-day winter stroll."

The monotony of the "flat woods," as those low-lying dry level pine lands are called, and the utter absence of landmarks make it unsafe for the stranger to wander from the beaten track. You easily get lost, and then it is hard to find yourself and to avoid spending your days in endless circuit. A compass is almost indispensable if you have a fancy for rambling in the "piney" woods, for when the weather is cloudy there is nothing to steer by, and the watercourses with their tortuous windings are very confusing. It is amazing what dreary miles there are of these pine barrens—arid level wastes with an undergrowth of palmetto scrub, and here and there patches of coarse grass or sedge, and stretches of shallow bog pools.

The roads are often under water in places, and are deep sand most of the rest of the way. Loads of wood drawn over them to the towns are ridiculously small—more like wheelbarrow loads than wagon loads; and yet the driver will claim his load is pretty heavy to drag seven or eight miles in such going. It probably does not sell for over a dollar.

The longleaf pine makes the finest timber of any of the Southern pines, and grows to a greater height. It attains a diameter of sixteen inches breast-high, and a height of one hundred feet in somewhat more than a century. As a structural timber in the erection of bridges and factories it is unsurpassed, and it is excellent for spars and masts. Its hardness and wearing qualities cause it to be employed to a large extent for flooring.

The turpentine men are buying or leasing all the pines possible, and Florida is now the center of turpentine production in the United States. The old crude method was to "box" the tree near the ground. A deep downward-slanting cavity was chopped in the trunk, and in this the sap collected. Above this cavity was cut a wide scarf that went just beneath the bark into the sapwood, and the gash was so shaped that it conducted the sap to the box. The pitch sweats from the wood in curdy white cream that flows imperceptibly downward. Heat and cold affect the flow of the pine sap to a marked degree. Very little pitch is collected in winter, and the flow is most copious in late spring and early summer. Stalwart negroes go about dipping the accumulated pitch into buckets and filling casks on a creaking wagon that is drawn by mules. Often you hear them in the distance singing some old racial folk-song that has neither beginning nor end, but which, in its strange cadences, chimes in with the music of the wind in the tree-tops.

Boxing the trees for turpentine is rapidly being abandoned. Instead of the big cavity cut for the sap to dribble into, flowerpot-like receptacles are hung on the trunks. This results in a cleaner product and longer-lived trees; and when fire sweeps through the barrens the blaze is far less apt to get at the heart of the trees and destroy them.

The mule teams convey the casks of pitch to the still. Scores of barrels of pitch from thousands of trees are required for one run. When boxed trees were the rule the turpentine was a dark, viscid fluid which soon hardened in cooling into a brittle mass known as rosin. But by modern methods the fluid is pellucid and amber colored and hardens into the "water white" rosin of the trade. Twelve grades are commonly listed, ending with the old-fashioned opaque dark red rosin. More than three-fourths of a million casks of turpentine have been shipped from Southern ports to the markets of the world in a single year.

The time seems not far distant when the Florida turpentine camps will be things of the past, and the smoke of the last still will have vanished. But there are persons who declare that the end of this industry is like the end of the world, the date for which has been so often set. At any rate you can find within a few miles of some of the state's important population centers turpentining carried on with as much energy as ever. Young trees grow where old ones have been exhausted of their amber resin tears and dragged

away to the sawmill, and in many a former plowed field there stands today a grove of pines that will soon be big enough to yield turpentine. When conditions are favorable, fifteen years suffice for a tree to attain a size that makes it profitable for such use. Only the mature trees used to be tapped, but now those no more than four or five inches through are subjected to the process.

By making fresh wounds higher and higher up, the sap is induced to keep on flowing. Eventually the bark will be cut off up to a height of five or six feet in a space from eight to twelve inches wide, if the size of the trunk permits. The same may be done on two or three sides of a large tree. A half or more of the base is sometimes cut away, and the tree becomes so weakened that it is likely to blow down in a gale. After a tree has been bled for several years it is abandoned. If left undisturbed, the sun sears the scars with hardened pitch, and the tree regains to some degree its natural vigor. Then new wounds may be made through the yet untouched bark and more turpentine gathered.

Usually, as soon as a grove has ceased to yield turpentine, the woodsmen cut the trees for the second quality lumber which the bleeding process has left behind. However, the gum comes from the sapwood only, and the heartwood is as strong as unbled.

Cattle and horses range freely in the woods all the twelve months of the year. Even in the winter the

cows can be seen roaming the barrens picking up their living, and at that time are likely to be wild-eyed and hungry-looking. The people who own the cattle set fires every winter to burn the dry grass and weeds and curb the undergrowth and improve the pasturage. The long low lines of flame sweep through the forests, and the air is full of soft blue haze that makes delicate every landscape and gives the distance a touch of romance and mystery. By day pitchy smoke drifting heavenward shows where the fire has got into thick young growths of pines. By night the woodland is weird with flickering light. It is necessary to plow fire lines eight or ten feet wide around homesteads and orchards in order to keep out the flames. Occasionally a tree that has a weak spot catches the fire and becomes a blazing column that presently crashes to the ground. Millions of young pines that are just starting are destroyed, and, worse still, all the accumulation of vegetation which should be preserved to add humus to the soil is consumed. After the moving lines of fire have passed, the flames linger for days in pine stumps, eating away at the resinous wood. Some of the stumps stand fifty feet high, and are a foot or two in diameter. The bark has fallen, and the sapwood soon begins to decay, but the heart remains firm year after year. Farmers use this heartwood for fence posts, and it is fabled to last in the ground for a century.

Large areas in Florida are covered with dense growths of the saw-palmetto, so named because of its spiny-

toothed leafstalks. This palmetto scrub, as it is commonly called, creeps over the surface like huge caterpillars. Each caterpillar bears a bunch of fan-like leaves, and in moist rich land it rears a high head and looks as if it were trying to become a tree, but it never does. The lustrous green leaves catch the sun-gleams, and their bristling clusters make a curious and tropical scenery. The stems and the leaves are both very stiff, and one's progress through the scrub is accompanied by the noisy wooden clatter of the resisting foliage. If the growth is thick and rank you will prefer not to force a passage, for the spinelets of the leafstems scratch viciously. If the land is to be cultivated, the scrub has to be laboriously rooted out.

A Northern man with an ambition to be a Florida farmer says of the process of clearing a patch of land on his place: "We contracted with certain of our neighbors—locally called Crackers—to grub away the saw-palmettos. This was a taxing work for the back and the patience, and the Crackers were of a convivial turn and averse to monotonous exertion. They encamped at hand in a picturesque and roustering style, played cards, discharged revolvers, came and went, and tiddled about a flaring night-fire. Sometimes they disappeared for days, and we heard of them vaguely as recuperating from their labors. Now and then they did a little grubbing.

"When this occurred I made a point of going out to encourage them with tales of Northern snow and frozen ,



streams, of great towns in which were buildings taller than the tallest Florida pines, interspersing my remarks with reflections on Northern persistence. I cannot say that this forwarded the grubbing, but it seemed to give the Crackers a great conceit of my inventive powers. There sprang up between us a very genial relation. The Crackers called me by my first name with a pleasant scriptural simplicity; they leaned on their grubbing-hoes and gathered matter for camp fables; and when they had listened for a while they perceived themselves to be exhausted with toil, and retired to mind the fire for dinner. After several weeks of campaigning in this manner they confessed themselves worsted, and the encampment broke up.

“Then I employed a vagrant Irishman to finish the job. He professed a fine Hibernian ‘contempt’ for the Cracker, assuming himself and me to be apart in a common superiority. He had a thick hairy forearm and a muscular back. He spat on his palms and plied the grub-hoe manfully and steadily till the ground was cleared.”

The scrub palmetto sprawls about on the ground and rears up only its head, but the cabbage palmetto is a beautiful tree with a columnar trunk. The tree at first looks like a fountain of great green leaves bursting from the earth. This sphere of foliage is ten or twelve feet in diameter. New leaves develop with wonderful rapidity. They stand erect at first, but gradually arch outward as they expand their blades and lengthen their stems.

A full-grown leaf is often four or five feet across and is curiously plaited and folded. The outside lower leaves gradually become yellow, wither, and break off a few inches from where the stem joins the trunk. This trunk is as large when the tree begins to rise from the ground as it ever will be. As the tree grows taller the trunk changes little except that the rough dry leafstems fall off after clasping it for a number of years. They leave a clean barkless trunk from six to twelve inches in diameter of equal thickness from top to bottom. The trunks of the younger trees, which seem to present a regular criss-cross of basket-work formed by the scales whence the old leaves have decayed and dropped away, are frequently adorned with clinging ferns, wild flowers, and vines that hang in fantastic draperies down their sides making leafy blossom-decorated pillars. When mature, the tree raises its fan crown fifty or sixty feet in the air. The trunk is gradually worn away by wind and weather till at last it gets too frail to support the heavy tuft of leafage. After the wind has felled it, decay begins at the heart, and many seasons pass before the tough outer part softens. These hollow palmettos make ideal resorts for the wild creatures.

The palmettos are not accounted of much value. However, the leaves are useful for thatching roofs and for making hats, mats, fans, baskets, and other articles; and the trunks are occasionally cut into lengths for fence posts, or are set up for telegraph poles; and they make specially good wharf piles, as the borers do not attack



*Turpentine orchard*



*In the national forest—a fine lookout*

them as they do most woods. The soft enfolding leaves that surround the central bud somewhat resemble a cabbage in quality, whence comes the tree's name.

Palmettos will bear more cold than any other member of the palm family, as they are found as far north as Cape Hatteras. But you do not see them at their best till you get down to Palatka. There the swamps have a real tropical picturesqueness, and the jungle has a touch of stateliness, due chiefly to the presence of the palmettos. They lean together in groups and lend grace to every landscape. Along the banks of streams their plumed heads reach far out over the water and make the muddiest creek a place of enchantment. No other Southern tree has so striking a personality.

In the regions where sand prevails, the finest trees and shrubbery grow on the banks of the "branches," as brooks are called in the South. You can look through the lofty open pillars of the pines and trace the course of a branch half a mile away by the vigorous vegetation that borders it. There you are likely to find magnolias, big and stately, with large leaves of a glossy varnished green that remain on the trees the year round. In May they are covered with great white blossoms something like pond lilies, and with much the same odor. The size of the trees, their splendid foliage, and wealth of bloom make them seem worthy to be trees of heaven.

Oak trees are common, especially the live oak, water oak, and blackjack. Prickly ash with its queerly knobbed and pointed branches and its graceful feathery

leaves is often a feature of the scene. The live oaks are evergreens that drop their leaves grudgingly and put on new ones in the same way. The leaf is oval, about two inches long and three-fourths of an inch wide, glossy and dark green above, and pale beneath. The trunk of the tree is usually much divided. Often the upper side of the main spreading branches is thickly planted with ferns, grasses, and small saw palmettos; and the Spanish moss grows luxuriantly on the trees whether they are living or dead. To most people the moss draperies have a mysterious beauty that is fascinating, but one woman tourist from New England has protested: "I don't like that ragged moss over everything. It reminds me of untidy housekeeping."

One singular and beautiful feature of the woods is the cypress. It attains a great age and immense size. In form the cypress is straight stemmed, with a base that is often big and high and remarkably buttressed or ridged. Its shaft is topped by a wide-spreading head of giant limbs with very numerous branchlets. The prevailing size of mature trees above the basal swell is three to five feet, but some grow much larger. About twelve feet is the maximum. A height of one hundred and fifty feet is sometimes reached, though always the culmination in height comes long before the greatest diameter is attained. Few cypress trees are large enough for lumber at an age of less than two centuries, and those that are twice or thrice that age are very common. Old trees die backward or down-

ward during a period of one to four centuries. The heart decays, and the last stage is usually a hollow cylinder. These hollow veterans are probably from one thousand to two thousand years in age. In a Mexico churchyard is a cypress that is declared on the authority of scientists to be over five thousand years old. It is a punishable offense to touch a knife to its bark or pick a leaf.

The trunk and branches of an old cypress are smooth and white, while its feathery foliage is a dazzling golden-green. When it rises, as it often does, amid clumps of dark evergreens, such as bay, magnolia, and myrtle, the effect is very striking. It is one of the few conifers which successfully sprouts from the stump as well as propagates itself by seeds. It grows naturally only in deep rich swamp lands. In locations where water covers the surface for long periods the cypress develops peculiar knees or upright conic portions of the root system, which seem to serve the double purpose of organs for breathing and anchorage. Occasionally these knees reach heights of from eight to ten feet above low-water mark. The wood in them is light in weight, but peculiarly gnarled and twisted in structure. Except in their early stages the knees are apt to be hollow, and they were formerly much valued by the negroes for beehives.

Although cypress grows chiefly on very unstable and treacherous soils, it is one of the most windfirm of trees. Rarely, if ever, is a living cypress overthrown

by the wind. When a severe tropical hurricane swept along the Savannah River in 1892, not a single cypress was seen to have yielded to the fury of the storm, whereas the pines were mowed down like grain before the reaper, and the sturdy live oaks were uprooted.

Cypress is found in commercial quantities in all the Southern states that border on the coast or the Mississippi River. The variety that grows in this region is known among botanists as "bald" cypress because it sheds its leaves annually. Louisiana has about forty per cent of all the standing cypress, and Florida comes next with one-quarter.

For many years only the timber accessible to streams subject to flooding was taken. The soft nature of the soil and the great weight of the logs made impossible moving the timber with oxen or mules. So cypress swamps, on account of their apparent inaccessibility, were regarded by the settler as of little value. Large tracts of overflow lands in Louisiana and Florida that were acquired by speculators for from twenty-five cents to one dollar an acre are now worth over one hundred dollars an acre for the standing cypress alone.

Until after 1880 the wealth of cypress remained practically untouched. The logging is attended by difficulties of a kind unknown in handling any other commercial timber. The bulk of the cypress is now logged by massive steam machinery moved from place to place on railroads built into the deepest part of the swamps. The butt cuts of large cypress trees will not



float when green, and to overcome this difficulty it is the general practice to girdle the trees six months to a year in advance of logging. This results in the sap's drying out of the wood so that about ninety-five per cent of the logs float instead of twenty per cent. Many lumbermen leave stumps from five to nine feet high, but the most efficient companies cut the trees at a height of two or three feet. Logs are rafted to the mills through lakes, bayous, and sometimes canals for distances from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five miles.

The wood is used in a multitude of ways, and is especially valuable for liquid containers and for purposes where the resistance of decay by exposure to the weather or contact with the earth is important. Cypress shingles were regarded as so much superior to any others that they were used at a very early period. An instance is cited of a roof of such shingles serving well two hundred and fifty years after it was laid. New Orleans cypress water-mains remained sound nearly a century, and a cypress headboard marking a grave in South Carolina was so well preserved after one hundred and forty years that the letters on it were easily read. Marble and sandstone gravestones often decay and crumble in less time. Cypress coffins have been found in fair condition after an interment of two centuries. The best canoe wood in early times in the far South was cypress. Dugouts were almost the only kind of canoe made

in the region. An observer writing in 1714 says that the cypress dugouts on the Carolina rivers had a capacity of thirty barrels and were freighted with flour, lumber, and other commodities. These canoes even ventured on the open sea. Truly cypress is "the wood eternal."

## XIV

### BIRDS AND BEASTS

**A**MONG the Florida birds whose songs have a striking individuality are the mocking birds, mourning doves, Bob Whites, and cardinal birds. Robins are numerous in the early winter, but begin to migrate north by the end of February. They go in flocks of thousands—sometimes so many as to darken the sky.

At dusk the whip-poor-will begins to sing. As compared with the whip-poor-will of the North its voice is less of a plaint and more of a chuckle. Some people affirm that it says, "Dick fell out of the white oak." Others tell you that its words are, "Dick married the widow." The song ceases when the darkness becomes dense, but is resumed for a time with the first faint signs of dawn in the eastern sky.

If you ramble in the swamps you may chance to see the footprints of a wild turkey, or, less likely, may hear a bird gobbling, or even see him. At night the wild turkeys perch in the trees. They feed mainly early in the forenoon and late in the afternoon, and spend the hot midday on high ground lurking among the bushes. In the spring the gobblers fight fierce battles for the possession of hens.

Florida is the home of many long-legged wading birds. One of these is the great blue heron, familiarly known as "the major." He is a frequent sight in all parts of the state, and often several are in view at the same time—not together, but here and there—one on a sandbar, another in some shallow bay, and another on the submerged edge of an oyster-flat. The bird rarely seems to be doing anything except standing. There are rustic natives who declare that he is very good eating if killed in the full of the moon; for, as he feeds chiefly at night, he fares best with the moon to help him secure his food. It is a queer life that the creature leads—fat and lean by turn twelve times a year!

Caution is one of his most striking characteristics. If he is patrolling a shallow on one side of an oyster bar and takes it into his head to try the water on the other side, he stretches up his neck to look in all directions. How could he know but that some enemy was lying in wait? When he is satisfied that he can make the change with safety he spreads his wings and flies over. After alighting he looks once more all about him. He means to run no risks. If nothing meets his vision to cause him apprehension, he draws in his neck till his head is on a level with his shoulders, and resumes his labors.

You will probably see a number of the great blue heron's relatives in this country of abounding waters, where the heron family is so much at home. For

instance, there are the green heron, the little blue, and that dainty creature which is called "The Lady of the Waters."

Another interesting frequenter of the waters is the pelican, a bird which flies with vigorous grace in spite of its huge pouched bill. In the autumn of each year the pelicans of the east coast begin their mating, and flock to the single rookery which is their nesting-place. This rookery is a low sandy island with an area of about three acres, situated in a sheltered bay of the Indian River, a little south of the town of Malabar. Here they have all bred ever since man has had any knowledge of the vicinity. The young birds cannot bear much heat or cold, and the island is very well chosen for getting a moderate temperature. When the breeding impulse comes to the pelicans in October they collect in flocks of hundreds up and down the coast, and at length, in a single night, all arrive at the island and take possession.

This island is a government bird sanctuary, and a warden is there to protect the pelicans during the nesting season from the depredations of mankind. Some fifteen hundred nests are built on the tract, and then begins a carnival of pelican-growing which lasts for months. Formerly the island was covered with mangrove trees, but apparently the weight of nests and roosting birds was too much for them, and only one lone tree has survived. So close together are the brooding birds that the island as seen from a distance seems

covered with driftwood. On the higher parts one great grass nest almost touches the next, and there is hardly room for neighboring birds to take flight at the same time without flapping each other with their seven-foot spread of wings.

The pelican mother lays three pure white eggs which hatch in about four weeks. Ten weeks later the young have acquired full flight plumage. But during that ten weeks the parents have a busy time feeding their voracious young. The male and female alternate in seeking food and sitting on the nest, and seem to share equally in all the care of their fledgelings. Not until the chicks have grown the white down which precedes the real feathers are they left alone by the parents, for they quickly die of exposure if the weather is cool, and the hot sunshine is no less fatal. The old birds have to make several trips to the fishing grounds daily. They swallow the fish, and after arriving at the nest disgorge them into the baggy pouch beneath the bill. From this pouch the little pelicans help themselves.

Except for a croak of recognition with which a sitting bird greets its relieving mate the adult pelican is silent. Not so with the young. Pelican Island in the breeding season is vocal with the croaks, cries, and squawks of the young birds. The larger the youthful bird is, the shriller and louder its voice. In March most of the pelicans desert the island, and it is practically uninhabited for the next seven months. During that period the keeper has his vacation.

One of the most singular of the Florida birds is that personification of ugliness, the water turkey. Why it has that name is not very apparent, for the only thing about it that bears any resemblance to the Thanksgiving fowl is its tail. It is also called a "darter" from a habit it has of suddenly thrusting forward its bill to seize its prey. A third name for it is the "snakebird," which some say is derived from its fondness for a snake diet, and others from its snaky neck. The neck is too long for the rest of it, and its legs are too short. It has a small head and a sharp slender bill. The bird is a haunter of the inland streams, lakes, and swamps, and is a very expert swimmer and diver.

A naturalist visitor has said that a water turkey reminds him of a crow that has had its neck pulled. It lives on fish, though how it gets them down its preposterously thin neck is a mystery. The bird is nervous in its manner, and when approached has an odd way of poking its long pointed bill this way and that as if trying to make holes in the atmosphere through which to escape. Then, with a tremendous burst of energy, it whirs away on its short wings. If it is surprised on a limb that hangs low over the water it will dive, and when it comes to the surface afterward it thrusts up its head and neck and looks around while keeping its body submerged.

The tourist does well to remember that Florida is the haunt of many stinging and biting insects. "I'm tellin' yo' the truth," an east coast negro said to a questioner

from the North, "the muskeeters and sandflies is awful hyar in summer." These or other pests are found in certain parts of the state at all seasons. The microscopic redbug has colonized every bunch of grass and moss and dry seaweed on the peninsula, as well as every log and bit of dead wood. A pedestrian is sure to become acquainted with it sooner or later. In size it is almost invisible, but it is gigantic in its power of annoyance. The creatures promptly transfer themselves to the loitering sightseer, and give him cause to think he is on fire. However, they can be effectively combated by rubbing the affected spots with a mixture of grease and salt. Leather or canvas leggings are a desirable protection both against the redbugs and wood-ticks that frequent the undergrowth, and against the spiny and thorny harshness of the vegetation.

You need not be alarmed if you run afoul of a scorpion, for it is no more to be dreaded than a spider. But if a centipede crawls over your bare skin it will leave a painfully inflamed trail. When bathing in salt water, should you come in contact with the long streaming tentacles of a Portuguese man-of-war, you will fancy it to be a particularly vicious bunch of stinging nettles, or if you encounter a whipray you will probably receive a wound that will be acutely painful and slow to heal. "But what's the use of namin' all our bitin' and stingin' critters?" an elderly native has said. "I've lived hyar all my life an' hain't run up agin nary one of 'em, 'cep-tin', of cose, redbugs an' muskeeters an' scorponiums





Photo by B. J. B. Brothers

*Boating in the Everglades*



*Cocoanut palms on Key Biscayne*

an' sich trash that don't count, only to make a feller scratch an' cuss."

Some Florida visitors declare that you hear there more night voices gasping, gurgling, screeching, and choking than anywhere else in the world. One peculiar night voice is that of the Southern bullfrog. He ought to be called a pigfrog, for his love call is a mere grunt. He sits with his nose just out of the water grunting exactly like a contented young pig.

Many persons can recall the abounding wild life of the Florida west coast, when alligators slept on the banks of every river, wading birds stalked across every flat, solid acres of waterfowl were to be seen on the bays and streams, and overhead flew great flocks of birds, some pure white, and others gorgeously colored. An Indian hunter leaves enough of the old birds to feed the young of a rookery, but the white man kills the last plume bird he can find and leaves the young ones to die in their nests.

Men tourists are very apt to bring with them automatic shotguns and repeating rifles with which they bang at everything that flies or crawls. They have well-nigh exterminated certain kinds of game. Perhaps the deer of the southern wilderness withstands them better than any of the other creatures, for the labor of following it over boggy meadows and through mangrove thickets is too strenuous for the average hunter.

Tourists rarely see a snake, but they hear of them.

The Florida man who cannot tell at least one snake story may be set down as having land to sell.

Turtles are among the most numerous and interesting of edible Florida animals. In the egg-laying season the female turtle feels the impulse to seek the shore mostly on fine calm moonlight nights. When within thirty or forty yards of the beach she raises her head above the water and attentively examines the objects on the land. If she observes nothing likely to disturb her intended operations, she emits a loud hissing sound which serves to frighten such of her many enemies as are unaccustomed to it, and they are apt to go to another place. Should she hear any noise, or perceive indications of danger, she instantly sinks and goes off to a considerable distance, but if everything is quiet she advances slowly to the beach. When she reaches it she crawls along with head raised to the full stretch of her neck till she gets to a place fitting for her purpose. There she gazes all round, and, if satisfied that no harm threatens, she proceeds to dig a hole in the sand with her hind flippers. The sand is alternately raised with each flipper until it has accumulated behind her, when she supports herself with her head and fore part on the ground, and with a spring of the flippers sends the heap of sand scattering to a distance of several feet. In this manner the hole is deepened to about eighteen inches, or even to as much as twenty-four inches sometimes, and the labor may not occupy over nine minutes. The eggs are then dropped one by one, and disposed in reg-

ular layers to the number of one hundred and fifty or possibly nearly two hundred. The whole time spent in this operation is about twenty minutes. That done, she scrapes the loose sand back over the eggs, and so levels and smooths the surface that few persons on seeing the spot could imagine anything had been done to it. Now she retreats to the water with all possible dispatch, leaving the hatching of the eggs to the heat of the sand. When a turtle is in the act of dropping her eggs, she will not move, even if a man were to seat himself on her back, for it seems that she is unable to intermit her labor.

Those who catch turtles resort to the beach in the egg-laying season and walk along it at night where the turtles come up out of the water to deposit their eggs. When a man sees one he goes to it and turns it over. Then he walks on to seek others, and serves each in the same manner till he is tired. To upset one of the bigger turtles the catcher is obliged to get down on his knees, place his shoulder behind her fore-arm, gradually raise her by pushing vigorously, and then with a jerk throw her over. Sometimes it requires the united strength of several men to accomplish this. Few turtles, when once turned over, can regain their natural position without assistance.

The morning after the catcher has been at his task he returns to get the turtles that he left on their backs. There they are wriggling in flabby helplessness wholly at his mercy. This method of capture is very old. A

visitor to the Florida region in 1682 says, in telling how the turtles were secured, "They are laid on their backs, where, hopeless of relief, as if sensible of their future condition, they mourn out their funerals, the tears flowing plentifully from their eyes accompanied with passionate sobs and sighs."

Some turtlers set great nets across the entrance to streams. These nets have very large meshes into which the turtles partially enter, when, the more they attempt to extricate themselves, the more they get entangled. Harpoons are used also in securing the creatures.

Each turtler has his "crawl," which is a square wooden building or pen formed of logs, the logs being set upright in the mud sufficiently far apart to allow the tide to pass freely through. In this inclosure the turtles are placed and fed until they are sold. The turtle-crawl has much the same relation to the household of the Gulf Coast dweller that the chicken-coop has to inland homes.

The food of the green turtle consists chiefly of marine plants, which they cut near the roots to procure the most tender and succulent parts. Their feeding-grounds are easily discovered because masses of these plants are set afloat and drift to the neighboring shores.

Persons who search for turtles' eggs are provided with a light stiff cane or gun-rod, with which they go along the beaches probing the sand near the tracks of the animals. On certain shores hundreds of turtles deposit their eggs within the space of a mile. The young, soon

after being hatched, and when scarcely larger than a silver dollar, scratch their way through their sandy covering and immediately betake themselves to the water. All the turtle tribe can swim with surprising speed.

Probably the alligator is the most picturesque and popular feature of the Florida peninsula. He enlivens its waters and makes his bed on the banks of the streams, and he has served as a target for nearly every rifle that has been brought into the state. The alligators' nests are big heaps of reeds, dried leaves, and rubbish. Their eggs are about the size of hens' eggs, and are white with a tough leathery skin. Midsummer is the laying time, and the heat in the sub-tropical swamp does the hatching. The mother, however, lingers not far away, and if you wish to see her you need only catch one of the little wriggly youngsters and pinch its tail. The squeal of pain can usually be depended on to bring the mother with a rush, though the sight of a man will send her back in a panic. The little ones are born on the banks of the pool in which the mother dwells, and this abounds with fish so that they have plenty to eat. Sometimes an alligator will get a duck or a heron by coming up from beneath and snapping the bird before it has time to rise from the water.

Until about 1890 the alligators had not been much disturbed in most of their wilderness haunts. Fifteen-footers wore broad paths promenading from one deep hole to another, but they rarely make such trips now,

and you need to be stealthy of foot and quick of eye to see one. They stick closely to their holes, and when the saurian takes alarm while up sunning himself, he has only to make a quick plunge and he is far down in the mud out of sight. He is ordinarily harmless, and only when wounded or surprised in his lair will he show fight. Then he may bite you with those jagged rows of teeth in his big mouth, or strike you with his muscular tail, but this will simply be to get an opportunity to escape. He makes the water fairly boil in his frantic efforts. You can swim in his private pool, if you choose, and instead of molesting you he will crowd farther down into the depths of his mudhole.

One of his habits is to lie almost submerged with only his protruding nostrils and eyes above the surface. If you are not familiar with alligators you would think these were bits of floating rubbish. His deadliest foe is the bulls-eye lantern. Its glare hypnotizes and holds him helpless. This fire-hunting for alligators is butchery. The bulls-eye is bound to the hunter's forehead, he crouches with his rifle in the front of a skiff which a companion sculls at the stern. The ray of light from the lantern strays over the surface of the water, and plays among the leafage along the shore. When it reveals an alligator he is so spellbound that he lies on the surface motionless with his eyes shining in the glare. The hunter need not fire his gun until the boat is so close that the powder burns the creature as the gun is discharged and the bullet crashes into his brain.



Until almost the end of the last century the water in the Big Cypress country was filled with alligators, and fire-hunters often took a thousand of the reptiles from a single small lake. Less than a score of years ago the principal dealer on the west coast bought three or four hundred hides daily from about fifty hunters, and kept a schooner running to Key West with hides and returning with cargoes of salt, ammunition, and grub. The price paid for the hides varied from one dollar for those measuring seven feet or over, down to ten cents for such as measured less than four feet in length.

The fire-hunter has so nearly wiped out the alligator inhabitants of the lakes and streams in southern Florida that their pursuit no longer affords him a living. The surviving remnant of the reptiles leads a precarious existence in the Big Cypress and the Everglades. During the dry season the water of the swamps and prairies, recedes, leaving shallow ponds and water-holes dug by the alligators. An occasional hunter seeks the creatures in these depressions. He carries a long iron rod with which he jabs and prods till the alligator comes to the surface to be knocked on the head or captured. Sometimes the rod has a hook on the end that is used to haul out a reluctant victim. Now and then a hunter lures forth a mother alligator by imitating from deep within himself the call of her young.

The resorts of the alligator abound in poisonous snakes, and sometimes thirty or forty of them can be seen around a single alligator hole. If the hunter

wears boots he kicks the moccasin snakes out of the way with the contempt which familiarity breeds, but if he hears the vibrant alarm of the rattlesnake he moves only with the greatest caution until he has located that king of serpents.

There are Florida boys who will go to the haunts of the alligators and follow a trail to a marshy pond and coax a 'gator to the surface by grunting in his own language. If the reptile refuses to respond to this call the boy may wade deep in the mud and explore with his toes till he feels the wiggle of the creature. Then he worries him out of his lair, grabs him by the nose before he can open his jaws, and drags him to solid ground.

The alligators' teeth are used more or less to make into whistles, watch charms, and the like. The process of securing the teeth is to kill an alligator and leave the carcass lying for a couple of months, when it can be revisited and the loosened teeth drawn from their sockets. But chiefly alligators are hunted for their hides. The Seminoles secure a great many of them, and a bare-legged Indian will pole his heavy dugout loaded with alligator hides thirty or forty miles to trade them for grits and bacon.

Florida has its crocodiles as well as its alligators. The principal difference between them is that the former has a sharper nose, more formidable teeth, a fiercer disposition, and jaws that are both hinged, whereas the alligator has only the lower one hinged. The Florida crocodile is nearly extinct. The few that are left are

probably only to be found along a narrow strip of less than a dozen miles at the extreme southern end of the state. They are active in defending themselves when attacked, and yet specimens nine or ten feet long can be safely taken into a skiff after their jaws have been tied, even if the tying is done with nothing more than a pocket handkerchief. The crocodile becomes as gentle as a lamb as soon as he loses the use of those formidable jaws.

## XV

### TWO CHARMING CITIES

**T**HE cities are not in Florida, but they are so generally included in any Florida trip that it seems logical to devote a chapter to them in this book. I refer to Charleston and Savannah. The beginnings of the former place date back to 1670 when an English colony established itself at Albemarle Point on the banks of the Ashley River, three miles from the present city. Their settlement was shifted to the site of Charleston a few years later.

The early history of Charleston is rich in pirate stories. One of the pirates who preyed on the shipping of the port, a man named Bonnet, held a resident of the place on his ship and threatened to send the prisoner's head to the city unless a ransom was forthcoming. The Charleston authorities presently succeeded in capturing Bonnet and his ship after a savage fight, but the pirate escaped from the city in woman's clothing. In 1718 he was retaken, hanged, and buried along with forty of his band at a spot now covered by Battery Garden, the favorite promenade of Charlestonians.

The most famous pirate episode of a later time occurred in the spring of 1812, when Theodosia, daughter

of Aaron Burr and wife of the governor of South Carolina, sailed from Charleston to visit her father in New York. The schooner on which she was a passenger was never heard from until, thirty years afterward, an old sailor dying in a North Carolina coast village confessed that he had been one of a pirate crew which had captured the vessel and compelled the passengers to walk the plank.

Some one writing from Charleston in 1763 says: "The ladies are genteel and slender. They have fair complexions, without the help of art, and regular features. Their air is easy and natural, their eyes sparkling, penetrating, and enchantingly sweet. Many sing well and play on the harpischord and guitar with great skill. In summer riding on horseback or in chaises, which few are without, is much practiced in the evenings and mornings. In the autumn, winter, and spring there is plenty of game for the gun or dogs. The gentlemen are not backward in the chase. During the season there is once in two weeks a dancing assembly in Charleston, where is always a brilliant appearance of lovely and well-dressed women. We have likewise a play-house, where a tolerable set of actors, called the American Company of Comedians, exhibit. Madeira wine and punch are common drinks of the inhabitants. The ladies are extremely temperate and generally drink water. There are about eleven hundred dwellings in the town."

Patches of cotton were being grown in South Caro-

lina by 1770, and the first cotton shipment from America to Europe consisted of eight bags sent from Charleston to Liverpool in 1784.

At the opening of the Revolution, Charleston was one of the three leading seaports of the country. In front of the city on Sullivans Island the Americans erected a strong breastwork of palmetto logs and sandbags. The British fleet attacked the rude fort on June 28th, 1776, but the elastic palmetto logs proved an admirable defense, and a terrific ten-hour bombardment did it little damage. On the other hand, so effective was the American fire that every enemy ship except one was seriously crippled. In the thick of the fight the staff that held aloft the American flag was broken by a cannon ball, and the flag fell outside the fort. This flag was of a design that had been adopted in South Carolina a few months previous. It was blue with a white crescent in the upper corner next to the staff. Sergeant William Jasper, an illiterate youth who could not even read, promptly leaped down the embrasure in the face of the enemy's fire, caught up the fallen banner, and planted it on the sandbags of the bastion, and thus won for himself a place among the country's heroes.

The British withdrew. They made another attempt with no better results in 1779, but the next year a four months' siege ended in the surrender of the city.

In 1790 Charleston had fifteen thousand inhabitants, which was about half as many as there were in New York. The majority of the Charleston people, however,



*St. Michael's Church, Charleston*



*Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor*



were negroes, and the majority of the present population of sixty-five thousand are also negroes.

The railroad from Charleston to the head of navigation on the Savannah River was, at the time of its completion, the longest in existence. One of its early rules was that twenty-five passengers to a car should be the limit. A train with one passenger car was not to travel faster than fifteen miles an hour. If it had two passenger cars the limit was twelve miles, and if it had three its speed was cut to ten miles.

Osceola, the celebrated Seminole chief, was imprisoned in Fort Moultrie on Sullivans Island. He was accompanied by his wife, Morning Dew, and their child. There he died at the age of thirty-four in January, 1838, of heartbreak, after being in the fort only a few weeks. He was a sad prisoner who often sighed, and never was known to laugh during his confinement. He refused medical attention because he thought it was the intention to poison him. When he felt the approach of death he made known that he wished for his war garments. These were brought, and he rose from the bed and attired himself in the full insignia of a chief. He lay down exhausted, and died within a half hour. He was buried just outside the principal gateway to the fort and a monument was erected to his memory.

When the Civil War was imminent South Carolina was the first state to secede. Its legislature passed the ordinance of secession by unanimous vote in Charleston on December 20, 1860. All the defenses of the harbor

fell into the hands of the state except Fort Sumter, which was the key to a seaport that was second only to New Orleans in the South. The government shipped supplies to the fort early in January, but as the vessel entered the harbor it was fired on from shore batteries and compelled to turn back. These were the first shots of the war.

There was no essential change in the situation afterward until April 12, when the Confederates began a bombardment before daylight. Soon fifty cannon were pouring their missiles into the fort. As the morning dawned thousands of the Charleston citizens gathered along the wharves to witness the spectacle. The fort returned the fire with vigor at first, but its walls were presently crumbling and the barracks on fire. Its inmates, who numbered one hundred and twenty-eight men, rolled nearly a hundred barrels of powder into the sea to prevent explosions. So stifling was the air with smoke and dust that the defenders lay on their faces and breathed through wet cloths. Not a life was lost on either side during a bombardment of thirty-four hours, at the end of which time the fort surrendered.

For much of the remainder of the war the city was blockaded and shelled by a Union fleet. But it held out stoutly until Sherman's army approached in February, 1865. Then, after its public buildings, stores, warehouses, and shipping had been fired by order of the Confederate commander, it was evacuated.

While still blockaded, the Confederates devised a slender wooden vessel, the *David*, thirty-three feet long, propelled by steam, that carried a torpedo on a pole, forward. She would run awash, with her funnels and upper works slightly out of water. The flagship of the blockading fleet was torpedoed by her, but was crippled, not destroyed. After that the Union ships that were in the vicinity protected themselves with booms. This led to the construction of a submarine. In appearance it was something like a huge iron coffin, which was not inappropriate, for she proved a death-trap to successive crews on three trial trips. She was run by hand. Eight men crowded together turned a crankshaft that operated her propeller. Finally, after repeated sinkings, she was manned by a new crew and succeeded in destroying a United States man-of-war in the harbor, but she went down also, and every one in her perished. This was the first submarine to actually torpedo a hostile war vessel.

Since the war the greatest event in the history of the city is the destruction of half of it by an earthquake on the night of August 31, 1886, with a loss of five million dollars. "We thought the town was doomed to sink and be covered by the waters of the sea," was the comment made to me by one of the merchants, "and the niggers were certain the end of the world had come. They all stopped chicken stealing and went to praying."

As a shipping port the place handles large quantities

of cotton and rice, but its prosperity depends most of all on the trade in phosphate, large deposits of which underlie the region. But in the main the currents of industrial and commercial enterprise move gently, and the town retains all its ancient dignity and repose. It has been called the "aristocratic capital of the United States." Certainly the aspect of its homes conforms to that title. The eye delights in beholding the great cool-looking mansions with their broad verandas, and their snug little formal gardens and fine trees, and the marvelous profusion of flowers and vines.

The town's most interesting historic building is the Colonial Exchange erected in 1771. In it General Moultrie walled up one hundred thousand pounds of gunpowder which remained undiscovered during the three years that the British held the place. Patriot prisoners were confined in the basement. When General Washington visited Charleston after the Revolution, a ball and reception in his honor were held in the building.

St. Philip's Church, which replaces one destroyed by fire in 1835, has a steeple nearly two hundred feet high, from which there shines a beacon light at night to guide mariners at sea. When the Civil War was being fought, its bells were melted and made into Confederate cannon.

The finest piece of colonial architecture in the South is St. Michael's Church, which was first opened for service in 1761. It was given a coat of black paint in the



*In a Charleston alley*



*A home entrance*

Revolution when the assailing British fleet was expected. The object was to make it a less conspicuous guide to the harbor. When the British gained possession of the town they stabled their horses in the church. It has a very musical chime of eight bells. Besides calling to worship, and sending forth their pealing notes on all occasions of public joy and sorrow, the bells rang a nightly curfew, which warned the negroes home at nine o'clock in winter, and ten in summer, and announced to white visitors that the time for leave-taking had come. In the Civil War, when the cannonballs from the blockading fleet began to strike the church, the bells were taken down and sent to Columbia, the capital of the State, for safe-keeping. The silver plate was sent thither at the same time. Bells and silver might better have remained in Charleston, for Columbia was looted and burned. A few pieces of the silver have been recovered. One was found in a New York pawnshop, and another in a small Ohio town. The bells were so damaged that they were sent to England, where they were recast from the original patterns by the successors of the firm which had made them in 1764. When the ship that brought them back arrived, the people went in procession to receive the beloved bells, and with prayers and thanksgivings replaced them in the church tower. Their music, which is perhaps the most characteristic of all the city's sounds, has been called "the voice of Charleston."

The city takes especial pride in the district around

"The Battery," which is a grassy park thickset with sturdy oaks. Here are several big cannon. They look ready for business, but they have long been obsolete, and now serve only for ornamental purposes and as mementos of a stirring past. Another reminder of the Civil War is Fort Sumter which you can see from the Battery far off across the bay on its tiny island. Back of the park are the finest residences of the place. The section is particularly well suited for wharves and warehouses, but the city would never think of sacrificing the park, and the adjacent home owners have steadily refused to part with their holdings for commercial purposes.

The residences bordering the Battery are modern and well cared-for, but at a little remove are others of great age and curious architecture. Some of these are dilapidated and falling to decay and look as if they could tell ghostly stories. The picturesqueness of the town is emphasized by the numerous trees that shadow the thoroughfares, and by the cobblestone paving that is still retained on many of the streets; and there are odd little alleys and secluded rookeries full of interest if you know how to find them.

The negroes who make up so large a proportion of the population inhabit the shabby byways and outskirts. Most of them live from hand to mouth. They get astonishingly minute quantities of groceries, and often they buy a one-cent stick of wood at a time. They really suffer a good deal in the chilly days of winter



from lack of ability to purchase enough wood to keep themselves warm. For water supply they depend largely on the street hydrants, and the children are all the time going to these hydrants toting empty pails and cans and returning with them full. The colored people do quite a little trading with fish and vegetable peddlers, who hawk their wares from door to door. Some of the tradesmen carry their stocks in a basket on their heads, others push about small wagons. Their cries are for the most part strange and half articulated and are seldom intelligible to a stranger. I made out that one of the peddlers was calling, "Hyar's Cheap John come again—okra, cabbage, eggs, potatoes—hyar's Cheap John come again!"

Once I spent an evening rambling about the old town. It was very gloomy. Even the main thoroughfares were dimly lighted, and the lesser ways were almost black. I passed through one street in the negro quarter where were many curious little shops—very rude, low-ceiled, and crowded. Some of them were illumined by a faint gas jet or two, others only by a kerosene lamp, and the dusky faces and uncouth figures of the people in the shops gave an effect rather uncanny and ogreish.

Down on the wharves a steamer was unloading, and a swarm of colored laborers with much shouting and noise was hurrying the cargo out of the vessel's hold on to the pier. They worked with vigor and effectiveness, and I could not but admire their skill and energy.

Later, when they had finished, I came across them up in the town being paid off. They had gathered along the sidewalk curbing opposite a lighted doorway, and each man, as his name was called, stepped over to the door and received his money. Their clothing was sadly tattered, and sometimes the coins slipped through the recipients' pockets and had to be gathered up from the pavement. A number of women were in the crowd—most of them wives intent on seeing that their husbands did not make away with the money earned before they had a chance at it. One very watchful woman stationed near the door where the payments were made was the proprietor of a cookshop. A young fellow with a small account book was at her elbow assisting her to collect her dues. The coins, as they were surrendered, were received on a corner of a handkerchief laid across her palm, and in which she evidently intended later to tie them up. Another tradeswoman was a little old creature carrying a tin platter of "groundnut cakes"—that is, peanut candy. This candy sold readily, and for some of the workers it served as a supper. The woman had a newspaper from which she allowed her customers to tear off a piece for use in wrapping their sweets.

A policeman, who stood by to keep the sidewalk passably clear, informed me that nearly all of the colored workers' earnings would disappear that night, playing games of craps. Usually the player only staked five or ten cents on the throw of the two dice, but sometimes risked a dollar, or, it may be, all he had. The



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*A river scene at Bonaventure*



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*The Atlantic beach on Tybee Island near Savannah*

policeman commented, "They would die, I reckon, if they couldn't play craps."

Not far away was the public market—a broad low building a half mile long. Rude stalls lined the interminable central corridor on either side, stocked for the most part with meats or green groceries, but occasionally with fancy goods. One dealer who attracted my attention was a gray elderly man, fat and bushy-whiskered, wearing a big apron, and having much the appearance of an ancient cave dweller. His specialty was carving little trinkets from shells. Some stalls had white proprietors, some colored. The green groceries, in particular, were apt to have perched up among them a black old granny adorned with turban and earrings. Numerous customers were loitering through, haggling and buying. But though some of the stalls were very busy, others were very quiet. In one of the latter two men were leaning over a checkerboard, and a woman was looking on while business was entirely forgotten.

The stranger who visits the market in the daytime is perhaps most impressed by the buzzards which hover around the roof and walk about in their ungainly way on the near paving. They nest off across the bay on the sea islands, but every morning they return in stately winged procession to the offal of the market-place. The buzzard is a native bird of the South with a marked individuality, and its presence in the neighborhood of the venerable market adds to the city's attraction. Indeed, Charleston, in all its aspects has

notable interest, and every Northern visitor falls in love with it at first sight.

Savannah, the first settlement in the state of Georgia, dates back to 1733, when General Oglethorpe arrived with about one hundred and thirty colonists. At that time were there more than a hundred offenses for which a person could be hanged in England, and the law was specially severe toward debtors. Oglethorpe's primary idea in founding a colony was to provide a means of freeing debtors from prison and giving them a fresh start in life. On the first day of February, in the year mentioned, Savannah consisted of four tents pitched under four pine trees near the edge of a bluff overlooking the river of the same name, eighteen miles from the Atlantic.

The Savannah of to-day is one of the prettiest of Southern cities, with more well-kept parks than any other city in the world. There is a little public square at nearly every corner, and one of the wide streets has a double row of big trees running right down the middle of it with grass under them; and there on the green lawn the little children can be seen playing even in midwinter. Originally the little parks were used as market-places and rallying points in case of Indian attack. The abundance of semi-tropical foliage and of airy spaces gives the city a very distinctive and charming quality. One of Savannah's popular year round seaside resorts is Tybee Island, and another is Thunderbolt, famous for fish and oysters. There is

excellent quail shooting in the vicinity, and the creeks and marshes are populous with ducks in their season.

William Jasper, whose exploit with the flag at Fort Moultrie made him known as the bravest of the brave, was in consequence given a roving commission, with the privilege of selecting such men as he pleased from his regiment to accompany him in his enterprises, and Savannah was more closely associated with his after life than any other place. While out on one of his excursions his sympathies were aroused by the distress of a Mrs. Jones, whose husband, though an American by birth, was accused of being a deserter from the royal cause. Jones, who had been held a prisoner at a British camp in the northwestern part of the state, was being taken to Savannah to be hanged. Jasper and one companion concealed themselves in some thick bushes near a spring two and a half miles west of the city on the Augusta road. He was quite sure that the guard would halt there with the prisoners. In this conjecture he was right. When the party arrived only two men of the guard of eight remained to watch the prisoners. The others leaned their muskets against a tree and went to the Spring. Jasper and his comrade leaped from their concealment, seized two of the guns, shot the armed guards, and took possession of the remainder of the muskets. The other guards were helpless, and surrendered. The irons were knocked off the wrists of the prisoners, muskets were placed in their hands, and the

British were taken to the American camp. The spring is still there by the wayside just within the edge of a marshy tract of forest. It is the only spring of pure water in the vicinity and is much resorted to by passing travelers.

At the very end of 1778 the British captured Charleston, and the next October the Americans were defeated in a determined effort to retake it. In this battle the gallant Jasper was killed while endeavoring to plant an American flag on a redoubt at Spring Hill, now the site of the Georgia Railway.

The famous Revolutionary general, Nathanael Greene, a native of Rhode Island, moved, after the war, to Georgia. There, in recognition of his services, he was given an estate known as Mulberry Grove, not far up the river from Savannah. The former owner of the estate, a man named Graham, had a vault in Colonial Cemetery—now a city park that is very interesting with its old tombs and gravestones. Greene took over the vault with the property, and when he died was buried in it. After a while people forgot where his remains lay, and later, when Rhode Island decided to erect a monument to his memory in Savannah, the body of the general could not be found to put under it. However, this did not put a stop to the monument project. Lafayette laid the cornerstone when he visited Savannah in 1825. Greene's remains had been lost for more than a century when some one thought of opening the Graham vault in 1902. Then



they were reinterred in their proper resting-place beneath the monument which had so long awaited them.

In Greene's house at Mulberry Grove the shrewd New England Yankee, Eli Whitney, invented his ingenious cotton-gin which made the whole South opulent. Whitney was a tutor in the Greene home after the general's death, and at Mrs. Greene's suggestion he attempted to contrive "a machine that would pick the seed out of cotton." His first machine, completed in 1793, did in five hours, work which, if done by hand, would take one man two years. It was an epoch-making invention.

The first steamship ever built in the United States was owned in Savannah, bore the name of the city, and in April, 1819, sailed for England, where it arrived twenty-two days later.

General Sherman's army captured Savannah in December, 1864. It was then a place of twenty thousand people.

An unusual attraction for tourists, five miles northwest on the Savannah River, is "The Hermitage," a plantation of the ante-bellum days, where the old mansion and slave dwellings may be inspected.

But the one thing that every stranger goes to see as a matter of course is the ancient and picturesque estate of Bonaventure, four miles east of the city, which for a long time has been used as a cemetery. Here are solemn avenues of gigantic live oaks with their ever-green leafage, and their guarled branches feathered

with ferns and parasitic plants, and draped with pendant swaying masses of gray fairy-like moss. The effect is singularly weird in its charm, and the tombs, urns, and obelisks gleaming here and there among the shadows add to the impressiveness. The streamers of moss are four or five feet long, and the whole place seems to be dripping with them. One youthful visitor has said that it looked as if this was a graveyard for old long-bearded men, and that their beards were all hung in the trees before they were buried. An older visitor has said, "So beautiful is nature in the grand old forest graveyard that almost any sensible person would choose to dwell here with the dead rather than with the lazy disorderly living."

One of the most curious incidents connected with Bonaventure occurred in the autumn of 1867. John Muir, the well-known naturalist, was making a long walking tour from Indiana to Florida. He expected, when he arrived at Savannah, to find at the post-office funds he had ordered sent to him to enable him to continue his journey. The money was delayed until the following week. After spending the first night at the meanest looking lodging-house he could discover, on account of its cheapness, the amount in his purse was reduced to about a dollar and a half. During the day he visited Bonaventure. Only a small plot was occupied by graves, and the mansion of the former owner of the domain was there in ruins. Never before had Muir seen so impressive a company of trees as the moss-

draped oaks. There were thousands of smaller trees and clustered bushes. The place was half surrounded by salt marshes, and among the trees along the side of the marshes many bald eagles roosted.

Toward night, when Muir was again in the town, it occurred to him that the graveyard was an ideal place for a penniless wanderer to sleep. Thither he went, and entered the weird and beautiful abode of the dead in the silent hour of the gloaming. Though tired, he sauntered a while enchanted, then lay down under one of the great oaks. He found a little mound that served for a pillow, and he rested fairly well in spite of certain large prickly-footed beetles that crept across his hands and face, and a lot of hungry stinging mosquitoes.

When he awoke, the sun was up. He heard the screaming of the bald eagles, and of some strange waders in the rushes, and the noise of crows, and the songs of countless warblers hidden deep in their leafy-bowered dwellings. He heard too the hum of Savannah with the long halloos of negroes far away. On rising he found that his head had been resting on a grave. His sleep had not been quite as sound as that of the person below, but he got up refreshed. The morning sunbeams poured through the oaks dripping with dew, and the beauty displayed gave him such delight that hunger and care seemed only a dream.

Later in the day he chose a spot in a dense thicket of sparkleberry bushes near the bank of the river and prepared a nest with a roof to keep off the dew. Four

of the bushes served as corner posts for his little hut, which was about five feet long by three wide. He tied branches across from forks in the bushes to support a roof of rushes, and spread a thick mattress of long moss over the ground for a bed.

Each day he visited Savannah to inquire for the expected funds, and each night returned to his graveyard hut after dark that he might not be observed and suspected. One night, as he lay down in his moss nest, he felt some cold-blooded creature—whether a snake or a frog or a toad he did not know—and he hastily grasped it and threw it over the tops of the bushes.

All the time his money was diminishing, and he tried unsuccessfully to get work. He was becoming seriously hungry, and was giddy as he walked when, after five days of graveyard life, the funds came. Scarcely had he left the post-office with his cash when he met a very large negro woman with a tray of gingerbread, and promptly bought some of it. He munched it as he walked along, then found an eating-place and had a generous regular meal on top of the gingerbread.

Most of us would hardly care to repeat the young naturalist's experiences at Bonaventure, and yet adventures, if not too strenuous, always add zest to the tourist's enjoyment, especially in the backlook.

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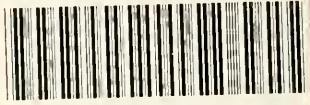








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